FOR Knitting or Crocheting Jumpers, Sports Coats, Tams, etc.; for the finest of needled enrichments on dainty Underwear and for every imaginable kind of Washable Embroidery there is the *special* "ANCHOR" Thread to give the work its *best expression.*

In pure White; in all shades of fast colour; in every degree of fineness; smooth, even, and of silky lustre; "ANCHOR" Threads are established favourites, and, with Patterns, Transfers and instruction Leaflets are sold by Drapers and Art Needlework Depôts everywhere.

Clark's "ANCHOR" Threads are seven in number:

COTON A BRODER	VELVENO
STRANDED COTTON	FLOX
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FLOSS EMBROIDERY.

All made by

CLARK & CO LTD

PAISLEY

TRADE MARK

WOODROW LTD
46, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

8, Castle Street, Liverpool.
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Branches at :
11, Market Street, Manchester.

40, Westmoreland Street, Dublin.
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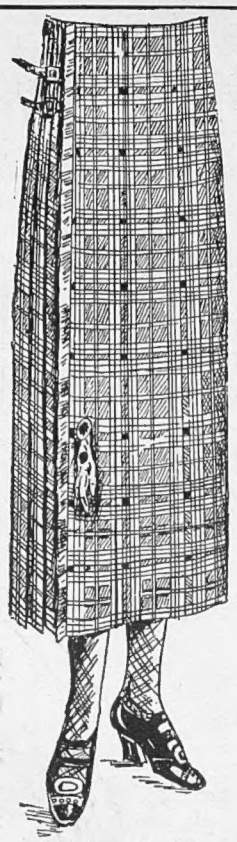
A selection of Hats by Post on receipt of London Trade Reference or amount on deposit

BY APPOINTMENT.

Manufacturers and Specialists in every kind of Hat for Ladies and Gentlemen

CORRECT STYLES IN SOFT FELT HATS in Grey, Dark Brown, Nut Brown and Beaver shades for the Autumn.

A VARIETY OF HELMETS AND DOUBLE TERAIS ALWAYS IN STOCK.



TAILORED SKIRTS
in
Highland Homespuns
and
Clan Tartans

McDONALD'S famous Scotch tailored Sports Skirts are essentially different from all others—novel materials in smart sporting effects, style, originality, unusual line, perfect balance, superbly tailored. A McDonald Skirt is to be found in the best Society everywhere.

Uncommon designs in Sporting Harris Tweeds for Costumes and Men's Suits.

From **7/6** per yard.

Booklet of New Designs on request. Measure Forms and Patterns on approval.

Everything in Clan Tartans.

Sports Hose to correspond with Skirts and typical Brogue Shoes in all sizes.

Real Antelope Buckle Brogues for Golfing in Nigger, Fawn and Grey, **63/-**

"Caledonia"
Perfectly Man-tailored Skirt in all the leading Clan Tartans; adaptable for Sports or general wear.

Price £5 19s. 6d.
It is worth noting that 5¼ yards Saxony (double width) material of the finest quality is used in these superbly made Skirts; this is necessary in order to ensure deep pleats and to attain that striking result one always sees in an Officer's Regimental Kilt.

McDONALDS, LTD.,
21-31, Buchanan St. Glasgow
Telegrams : "Chieftains," Glasgow
Also at 10a, 12 & 14, James St., Harrogate.

Women who use Pond's

The Hockey Girl

Although she plays a very strenuous game there is no reason whatever why the modern hockey girl should not have a complexion as soft and supple as that of any of her sisters, provided she uses those two most excellent creams—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream. Pond's Creams never promote the growth of hair.

Pond's Cold Cream should be well massaged into the face, neck, hands and arms each night before retiring. Supplementing the natural oil of the skin, Pond's Cold Cream feeds and cleanses the pores, ridding them of impurities. It also greatly aids in preventing the little lines and wrinkles with which time and care are constantly trying to mar one's natural beauty. Owing to its emollient properties this cream quickly banishes skin soreness and roughness.

Pond's Vanishing Cream requires no massage whatever, but disappears instantly. This Cream should be used before going out, and at odd moments when the complexion demands it. Pond's Vanishing Cream keeps the complexion soft, smooth and supple.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

Both Creams, of all chemists and stores, in handsome opal jars, 1/3 and 2/6; also collapsible tubes 7½d (handbag size) and 1/-

Pond's Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 101), 71 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Memories

A whispering wind, laden with loveliness, crossing a garden wherein all was perfect—it is delightful to recall it; and nothing brings back those sweet memories so vividly as the fragrance of the flowers faithfully reproduced.

Zenobia Night Scented Stock is the captured breath of Nature in her sweetest mood, as also are Zenobia Sweet Pea Blossom and Zenobia Lily of the Valley.

ZENOBIA
PERFUMES

Zenobia Lily of the Valley, Zenobia Sweet Pea Blossom, and Zenobia Night Scented Stock, 3/-, 5/-, 8/6, and 15/6 per bottle.
Of High-Class Perfumers, Chemists & Stores

ZENOBIA, LTD.,
Manufacturing Perfumers,
Loughborough, Leicestershire

A Xmas Gift of Utility & Charm

HANDSOME "WALPOLE"
DRESSING GOWN
IN RICH
CORDUROY VELVETEEN

Smartly finished with soft dark fur and lined throughout with dainty floral Delaine. This is an ideal gown for Winter wear, being beautifully warm and cosy. It is perfectly cut by our own workers from excellent materials, and will give lasting satisfaction. In Saxe, Vieux Rose, Purple, Cherry.

49/11

Boudoir Cap in Pink Crêpe de-Chine and Net, trimmed with coloured posies on Pink Ribbon - - - 9/-

WE PAY CARRIAGE on all orders in the British Isles. A selection can be sent on approval; if not already a Customer, kindly send London trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch, and in case of non-approval of goods the amount forwarded will be refunded.

BC 119

WALPOLES
WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.8.
175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1.
89 90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

Keep your hands soft and warm

by wearing Dent's Gloves. Each pair is a masterpiece—two hundred winters' experience having shown Dent's how to reconcile warm gloves with elegance. Look for the distinguishing "D."

Ask to see these gloves at any high-class dealer's

DENT'S CHAMOIS GLOVES
DENT'S CHAMOIS GAUNTLETS } Strong, light gloves that keep out the cold and give your fingers free play. Made in shapes and sizes to suit men and women. For all occasions—smart for society, strong for the country.

DENT'S TWO-BUTTON REINDEER. Made of selected Siberian skins. Immense wearing power. They keep your hands snug and warm in the bitterest weather. Real value for money.

Dent's Gloves—the gift of all ages

DENT'S
Glovers to the World

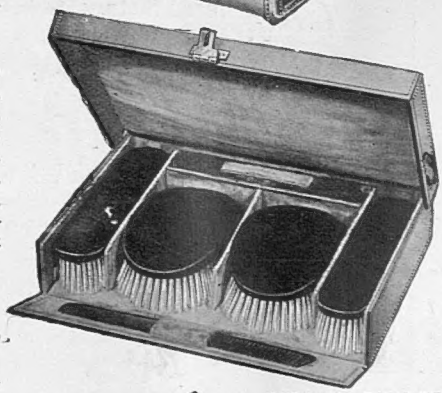
Sensible Gifts at Harrods

To visit Harrods remarkable array of Christmas Gift-ideas is to solve happily all your Gift-problems!

Dressing Case Section is on Harrods Ground Floor

GENTLEMAN'S FITTED DRESSING CASE in good quality stout hide. Hand-made throughout. Lined leather. Good quality fittings with solid silver tops, real ebony brushes and safety razor. Shirt flap in lid. Sizes 24 x 15½ x 7 ins. Fitted with ivory brushes, £15 12 6

£12.17.6



THE 'PENTAGON' SUIT CASE in unbuffed Cowhide, stiffened best Fibre, hand-welted and lined Twill Linen. English lever locks. Fitted shirt-flap, lined cream moirette in lid. Expert workmanship.

Size 26 x 16 x 7 ins
£5 7 6.
Size 24 x 15½ x 7 ins.
£4 17 6.
Size 22 x 15 x 7 ins.
£4.7.6

MEN'S BRUSH CASE
Fitted real Ebony Hair Brushes, Hat & Clothes Brushes. Comp'ete in leather case, lined Velvet **£6**

LADIES' HAIR BRUSHES
In real Ebony or solid imitation Ivory; good quality bristles. Comb to match. Complete in leather-covered case, lined with Velvet. A useful Christmas Gift. **21/-**

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY

JOIN A JOLLY PARTY at the Seaside for XMAS

As a pleasant break, many will be taking advantage of the convenient holiday period and joining a Jolly Party at the Seaside for Christmas.

Special programmes of festivities will be provided at certain principal hotels, boarding houses, etc., at most of the resorts by the warm, sunny shores of the South-west.

Besides indoor attractions there are Golf Courses (ideal for winter play), Hunting, Fishing and other outdoor pastimes.

Comfortable Restaurant-Car Expresses

From LONDON (WATERLOO), etc., to

BOURNEMOUTH, SOUTHSEA, ISLE OF WIGHT, SWANAGE, WEYMOUTH, LYME REGIS, SEATON, SIDMOUTH, BUDLEIGH SALTERTON, EXMOUTH, ILFRACOMBE, LYNTON, PADSTOW, BUDE, PLYMOUTH, etc.

Special Facilities—Via Southampton to GUERNSEY and JERSEY.

CHEAP EXCURSION & WEEK-END FARES

For full particulars, see Cheap Ticket Programmes obtainable at London and South Western Railway Stations and Offices, or of Publicity Department, Waterloo Station, S.E. 1.

H. A. WALKER, General Manager

L. & N.W.R.

CHRISTMAS EXCURSIONS

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, DEC. 22nd & 23rd.

FROM **EUSTON** TO

LAKE DISTRICT
NORTH WALES
SOUTH and CENTRAL WALES
EAST LANCS

Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham Districts, Cheltenham, Worcester, &c.

AND

on Friday, Dec. 22nd, to Scotland and Ireland.

NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS

On FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29th, to

SCOTLAND

EXTENSION OF THE WEEK-END TICKET FACILITIES

Week-end Tickets will be issued between any two stations at a single fare and a third (plus fractions of 3d.) for the double journey, as under:—

Fridays, December 22nd and 29th, by trains leaving the starting station at or after 5.0 p.m., and to Ireland by the Friday afternoon boat trains. Minimum fares: 1st class, **30/-**; 3rd class, **15/-**.

Saturdays, December 23rd and 30th, by any train. Minimum fares: 1st class, **10/-**; 3rd class, **5/-**.

These tickets will be available for return on the following Sunday (where train service permits) by any train after 6.0 a.m., and on the following Monday or Tuesday by any train.

For all information apply to Mr. L. W. HORNE, General Superintendent (Southern Division), Euston Station, London, N.W.1, or Mr. ASHTON DAVIES, General Superintendent (Northern Division), Hunt's Bank, Manchester.

EUSTON STATION, LONDON, N.W.1.

ARTHUR WATSON, *General Manager.*

SE&CR

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Cheap Return Tickets

VICTORIA (S.E. & C.R.)

TO

PARIS (Via Calais or Boulogne)	48/2	Passports required
BRUSSELS (Via Ostend)	35/0	Passports required
BRUSSELS (Via Calais)	43/6	Passports required
BOULOGNE	33/6	Passports not required
CALAIS	33/6	Passports not required
OSTEND	29/2	Passports not required
FLUSHING (Including Hotel)	70/0	Passports not required

For full information apply to Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria Station (S.E. & C.R.), S.W.1.

THE CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR HOLIDAY TICKET

SINGLE FARE AND-A-THIRD FOR RETURN JOURNEY

ON FRIDAYS, DEC. 22nd and DEC. 29th,

by any Ordinary Train leaving at **5.0** p.m. or after

BETWEEN

LONDON, EAST CROYDON and HERNE HILL

AND

THE SEASIDE

AND PRINCIPAL INLAND TOWNS.

ALSO

ON SATURDAYS, DEC. 23rd and DEC. 30th,

by any ordinary Train between

ANY TWO S.E. & C.R. STATIONS

AND TO

ANY STATION IN GREAT BRITAIN

(With certain exceptions).

Minimum Fares—

1st. CLASS	2nd CLASS	3rd CLASS
10/0	7/6	5/0

Available for Return by any Ordinary Train on the following SUNDAY (after 6.0 a.m.), MONDAY or TUESDAY.

For full particulars enquire at any S.E. & C.R. Station or Agency.

P. C. TEMPEST, General Manager.

CONTINENTAL EXCURSIONS

FOR

XMAS & NEW YEAR

Dec. 21st to 24th & 29th to 31st

VIA NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE

From VICTORIA (L.B. & S.C.R.)

10.0 a.m. (1 & 2 cl.) and 8.20 p.m. (1, 2 & 3 cl.)

RETURN FARES TO

DIEPPE	73/3	52/0	34/4
ROUEN	77/6	55/0	36/0
PARIS	80/9	56/9	38/3

Returning any day within 15 days. Through Bookings and Paggage Registration to all parts. When travelling to

FRANCE, THE RIVIERA, SWITZERLAND, SPAIN, ALGERIA TUNISIA, MOROCCO, MEDITERRANEAN Etc

ask for tickets

VIA NEWHAVEN & DIEPPE.

Details from Continental Agent. L.B. & S.C. Rly., Victoria Station S.W.1.

Come to

EGYPT

The Land of Sunshine Life and Mystery

Where East meets West in a profusion of oriental scenes of Life, Splendour, Mystery. Thrills of social gaiety. Repose and seclusion. Big-Game Shooting in the Sudan. Sport, Recreation, Amusement. West-End refinements. Luxurious Travel. Restored health and vitality in this wonderful Land of Sunshine.

The World's Winter Playground

Particulars of Fares, Travel Facilities etc., can be obtained at all the principal Tourist Agencies Illustrated Book on Egypt free on application to Dorland Agency, Ltd., 16, Regent St., London, S.W.1

The territory served by the

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

affords the Best Climatic Conditions for CHRISTMAS and WINTER HOLIDAYS in the HOMELAND

SPECIAL ATTRACTIVE FACILITIES *for* CHRISTMAS TRAVEL:—

EXTENSION of WEEK-END TICKETS

Week-End Tickets issued on December 22 and 23 will be available for return by any ordinary train on December 24, 25 or 26, thus covering the whole of the Christmas Holiday.

THESE TICKETS operate between most G.W.R. STATIONS.

EXCURSIONS at REDUCED FARES

Excursions have been arranged from PADDINGTON and principal G.W.R. STATIONS to CORNWALL, DEVON, Somerset, Dorset, Channel Islands, NORTH and SOUTH WALES and the CAMBRIAN COAST, Birmingham and the Midlands, IRELAND, etc, etc.

THE FARES for LONG DISTANCE BOOKINGS have been CONSIDERABLY REDUCED.

Holders of Excursion Tickets have a choice of convenient return dates covering Xmas and New Year Holidays.

SPECIAL DINING CAR EXCURSION To Devon, Cornwall, etc.

FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 22. A special Dining Car Direct Excursion will leave Clapham Junction at 6.0 p.m, Addison Road 6.15 p.m. for Somerset, Devon and Cornwall. Bookings will also be given from Battersea, Chelsea, West Brompton and Uxbridge Road.

G. W. R. PUBLICATIONS:—

1. **Christmas Excursion Programme.** FREE.
2. **"Winter Resorts on the Great Western Railway."** FREE.
3. **"Holiday Haunts" Guide for 1923** containing list of Hotels, Boarding Houses, etc. PRICE 6d., or by post 1/3.
4. **Legendland Booklets** (2). PRICE 6d. each, or by post 1/3 for the 2.

(ABOVE BOOKLETS obtainable at G.W.R. STATIONS and OFFICES, or by POST from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, London, W.2.)

Full information of TRAIN SERVICES, FARES, EXCURSIONS, WEEK-END TICKETS, etc., obtainable at G.W.R. STATIONS, or from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station.

FELIX J. C. POLE, General Manager.

FORTIFICATION SCOTCH WHISKY

The best that ever crossed the border

There is only one best in every line—and "Fortification" is the name of the very best in Scotch Whisky.

It's not very well known yet across the Border—as a matter of fact it is so good that Scotsmen have been buying all we could market, but now it is possible for you to obtain it in the most up-to-date Bars, Hotels and Licensed places generally.

There's a hundred years' reputation and experience in every bottle—get some to-day. In case of difficulty, write us and we will see that you are served.

S. SHEPHERD & SONS, LTD.,
52, King Street, Aberdeen.

Sole Agents for London, Home Counties and South of England:
Messrs. Van Perlstein & Munro,
Dunster House, Mark Lane, E.C.3.

SCOTLAND

FOR

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

THE SHORTEST ROUTE

To EDINBURGH · PERTH · DUNDEE
ABERDEEN · INVERNESS · ETC.

IS FROM

KING'S CROSS (G.N.)

EXPRESS SERVICES TO GLASGOW
WEST HIGHLANDS · ETC.

Restaurant Cars on Day Trains. Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

EXCURSIONS from KING'S CROSS at 7.20 and 9.40 p.m.
FRIDAY, 22nd DECEMBER, for 5, 6, 8 or 15 days.
FRIDAY, 29th DECEMBER, for 5 or 8 days.

EXTENSION of WEEK-END TICKETS

SEATS & COMPARTMENTS RESERVED
Booking Fees 1/- per Seat; 5/- per Compartment.

For all information, apply at any G.N.R. Station or Office, or to Supt. of the Line, G.N.R., King's Cross Station, London, N.1. Ask for 'On Either Side' which pictorially describes features of interest to be seen from the trains

BY EAST COAST ROUTE

Natural Waves *by an* entirely new Method

THIS is an actual photograph showing the new *natural* Permanent Wave which caused such a sensation at the recent Hair dressing Exhibition.

Notice the wonderfully natural fall of the waves, the life and radiance of the hair, the entire absence of any mechanical "set" appearance or ugly frizz. These remarkable results are solely due to some new inventions of M. Eugène, which secure a *lasting* wave of absolutely natural appearance without risk of any injury to the hair or discomfort in treatment.

The new method, which is entirely different to all previous and existing ones, is fully guaranteed to successfully wave any colour or texture of hair. Waves are quite permanent *under any conditions*, only the new growth needing treatment after six months or so, and the hair can be dressed in any fashion that is desired.

A beautiful folio of portraits depicting six different ways of dressing Permanently Waved hair, with full details of the new process, will be sent post free on mentioning *The Bystander*, or M. Eugène will advise personally or through the post on any question concerning hair, if sample hair is sent.

Photo by Bassano

EUGÈNE LTD.

Perfectors of Permanent Waving

23, GRAFTON ST., BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.

Telephone: Gerr. 4607.

MANCHESTER. PARIS. NEW YORK.

SETAGÈNE Wave Setting LOTION
Will keep the wave in your hair. Send for interesting photographs, Post Free.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

PRACTICAL XMAS GIFTS

SILK MILANESE VESTS

Hosiery Dept. Ground Floor.

Pure Silk Milanese Vest, *opera shape, with ribbon shoulder straps, top trimmed with real cluny lace in most effective pattern. In White, Pink, Lemon, or Mauve. An ideal Xmas Gift, packed in fancy box.*

PRICE 18/9

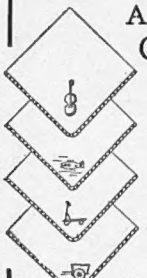
New illustrated Booklet, "Suggestions for Xmas Gifts," post free.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

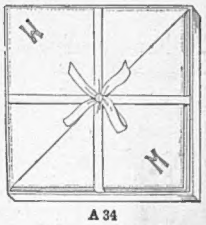
HANDKERCHIEFS

ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

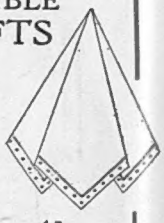
We have now in stock an immense variety of new and exclusive Handkerchiefs and Sachets, suitable for Gifts.



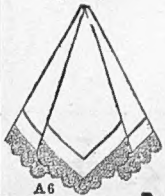
A3
Children's coloured Linen Handkerchiefs Hand whipped edges and hand embroidered one corner. In contrasting colours, various designs.
17/6 per doz.
1/6 each.



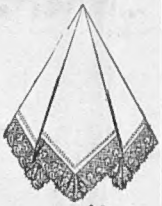
A34
Coloured Linen Handkerchiefs. Hand embroidered black initial Boxed in half dozens, assorted colours of Pink, Sky, Saxe, Mauve, Canary, Gold.
11/9 per box of half doz.



A7
Pure Linen Handkerchief with ⅛ in. spoke stitched hem and hand embroidered spot in colours.
21/- per doz.
1/9½ each.



A6
Fine Linen Handkerchief one row veining, edged good reproduction of filet lace.
18/6 per doz.
1/7 each.

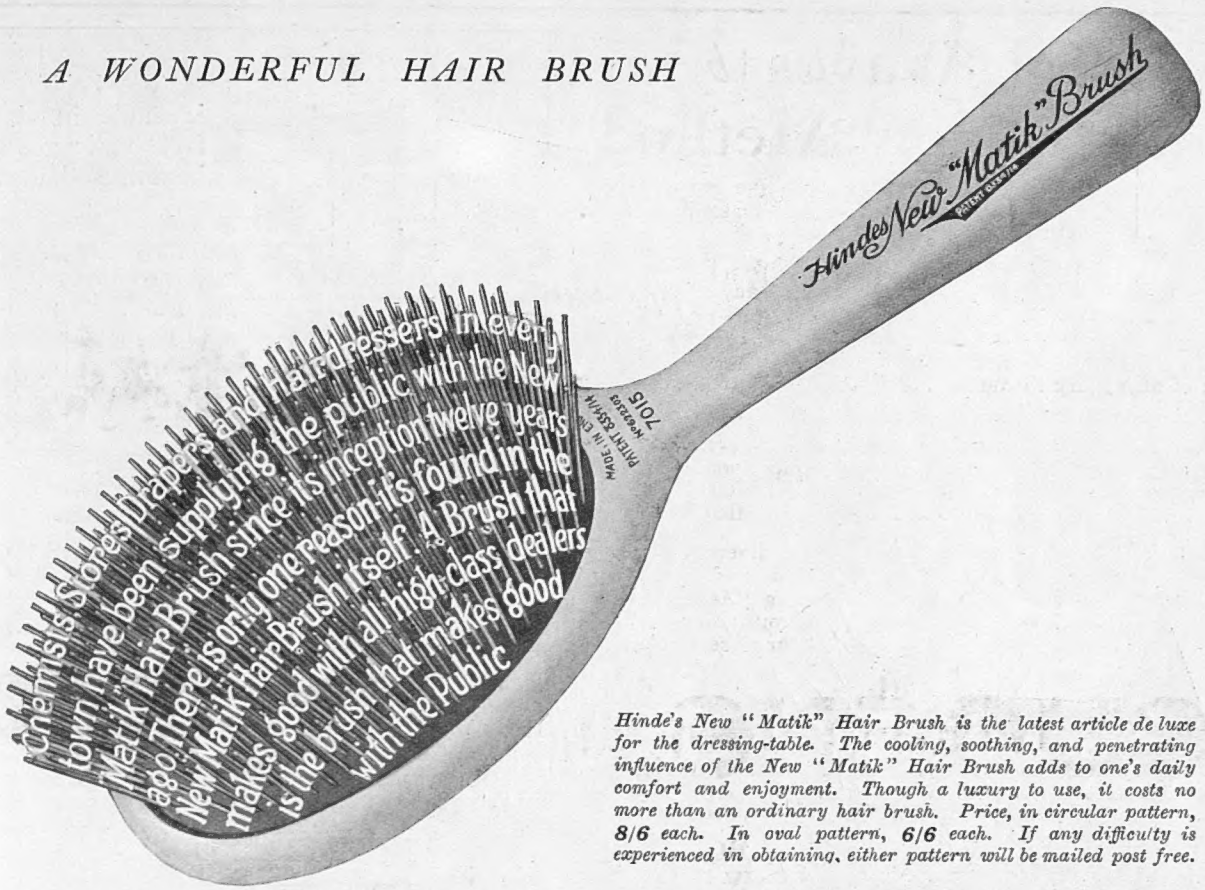


A9
Fine Linen Handkerchief, one row fancy veining, edged good reproduction valenciennes lace.
29/6 per doz.
2/6 each.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

Sent on approval *Catalogue post free*

A WONDERFUL HAIR BRUSH



Hinde's New "Matik" Hair Brush is the latest article de luxe for the dressing-table. The cooling, soothing, and penetrating influence of the New "Matik" Hair Brush adds to one's daily comfort and enjoyment. Though a luxury to use, it costs no more than an ordinary hair brush. Price, in circular pattern, **8/6** *each. In oval pattern,* **6/6** *each. If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining, either pattern will be mailed post free.*

Hindes Limited Birmingham, and 1, Tabernacle Street, City, London. Patentees and Manufacturers of Hindes Hair Wavers.

A Handsome and Useful Xmas Gift

NEW "WALPOLE"
AFTERNOON
FROCK
OF RICH
VELVETEEN

fastening down the front, with waist gathered at sides and back giving a smart panel in front. The long roll collar with embroidered buttons, and net and lace vest, are most pleasing features. Elastic at waist ensures easy fitting.

In Golden Brown, Mole, Rust, Black.

5 Gns.

We Pay Carriage on all orders in the British Isles.

BK 80

WALPOLES
WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET. LONDON, W.8.
175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1.
89-90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.

EVERYTHING FOR WINTER SPORTS

We have made a special study of Winter Sports Outfits, and have now in stock an immense variety of every conceivable garment for Tobogganing, Bobbing, Ski-ing, Ski-jöring, Lugeing and Skating. Ladies are invited to inquire for the Manageress of the Department who has personally made a most careful study of the subject at St. Moritz and other centres of Winter Sports, and will willingly give the benefit of her experience to anyone wishing to consult her.

KNITTED WOOLLEN SWEATER (as sketch) with CAP to match, made from heavy quality wool to pull over head without any fastening, contrasting stripes on collar and cuffs and bottom of sweater and round band of cap.

PRICE
(Of Sweater and Cap)
94/6

Debenham & Freebody
(INCORPORATING LAWRENCE)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

TWINK
is made in the following **24** beautiful shades

Navy Blue	*Wine*
Light Navy	*Purple*
Saxe Blue	*Grey*
Pale Blue	*Black*
Royal Blue	*Daffodil Yellow*
Shell Pink	*Old Gold*
Salmon Pink	*Tangerine*
Old Rose	*Geranium Red*
Grass Green	*Rust Red*
Jade Green	*Pillar Box Red*
Reseda	*Nigger Brown*
Lilac	*Tabac Brown*

Price—

PER **7½D.** PACKET

Of all Chemists, Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

Individuality—at the Junction.

SHE was just one of hundreds in the bustle of the junction, yet everybody on the platform forgot there was a train to catch—there was something so compelling about her. The Guard suddenly discovered that there *was* a corner seat after all!

Smartness is just a knack of wearing the right colours—the shades which give you individuality. Don't wear an unbecoming garment—Twink it. There are twenty-four shades of Twink; your shades are there. Follow the directions carefully and delightful results are certain.

Twink

Cleans and Dyes at the Same Time.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

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ESTABLISHED 1806.

By Appointment. By Appointment.

"Royal Nonpareil"

Scotch Whisky.

"The Flavour of the Peat,
The Perfume of the Heather."

PRE-WAR QUALITY & STRENGTH

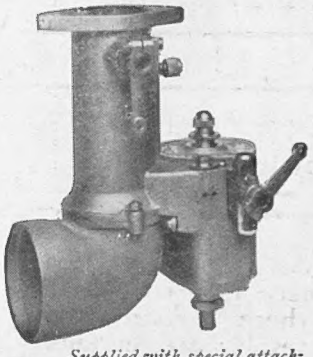
Supplied to the leading
Social and Political Clubs.

Price List of above, and other choice old matured Scotch Whiskies, sent free.

Special (December) Cash Discount.

R. STEVENSON, TAYLOR, & CO. Ltd.,
Scotch Whisky Blenders,
428, Parliamentary Road, Glasgow.

Do you know the Zenith Carburetter



Supplied with special attachments for all types of cars.

Does Save Petrol—

Does make starting easy—

Does give more M.P.G.—

Does give more M.P.H.—

Will improve your car.

ZENITH CARBURETTER

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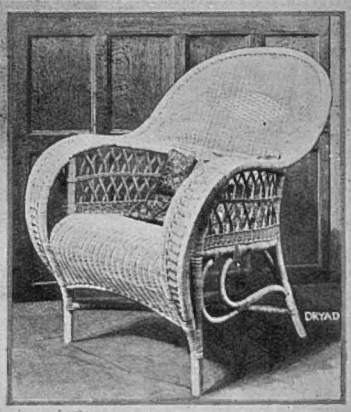

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Dancing Petticoat and Knickers to match in net and silk.
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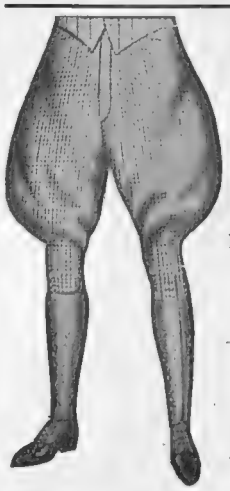

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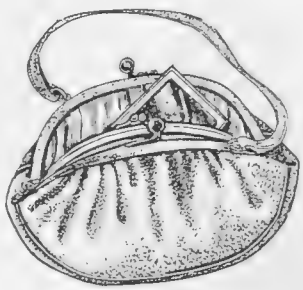
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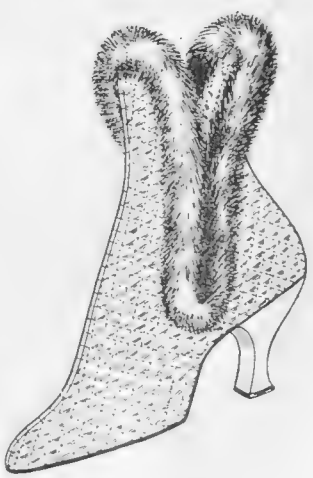
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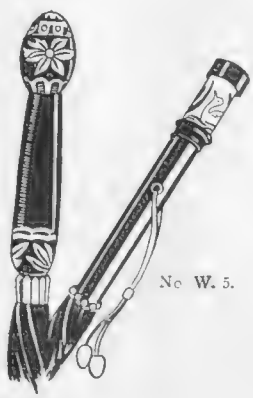
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"LUVISCA" is better in appearance and more lasting in wear than real silk; it contains the elements of the warmth of wool, and all the strength of a cotton fabric. In brief, "LUVISCA" is the material par excellence for men's wear.

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ESCORT Umbrellas are quality all through. From ferrule to handle they carry the impression of superior workmanship from the very finest materials. The foundation of every ESCORT is a Fox's Frame.

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Those Silver Threads

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SIMPLE TO USE. CANNOT BE DETECTED.
SAFE, RAPID, EASILY APPLIED, PERMANENT.

CASE A & B will dye all shades of Brown, Blonde, & Black. | CASE B & C will dye all shades of Auburn.

Ladies' size 10/6 Gent's 5/6.

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THE GRAPHIC

The issue for December 16. will contain the following among other features:

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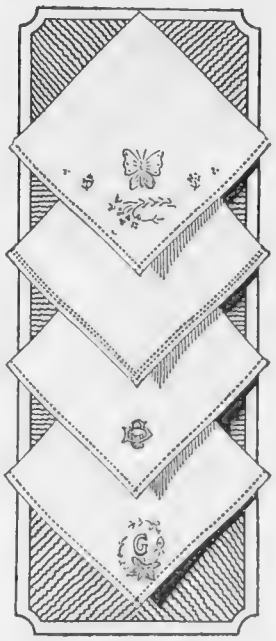

No. A4. Ladies' pure linen handkerchiefs, embroidered corner, assorted designs in each dozen, size about 12 inches, per dozen 8/9

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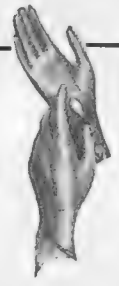
THAT CAN BE RELIED UPON WITH THE UTMOST CONFIDENCE

Suitable for Christmas Presents

6-button length sac heavy French Suede, pique sewn in Slate and Brown.
5/11 per pair



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2-button **13/9** per pair
Gauntlet shape lined silk, **17/9** per pair

A. 11. Novelty Gauntlet chevrette suede with contrasting lining in cuff, in Black and White, Brown and Champagne, Tan and Light Tan, Putty, and Brown, Drab, an Drab.
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8-button length, **6/11**
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NIGHTDRESS (as sketch), in pure silk crêpe de Chine, entirely hand-made, square neck, kimono sleeve, daintily trimmed with cream lace and hand veining, and finished at sides with satin ribbon bow. In Pink, Sky, Yellow, Mauve, Ivory, and Coral.

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Chemise to match, 35/9
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In soft washing satin. In White, Pink, Sky, Vieux Rose, Mauve, and Yellow.
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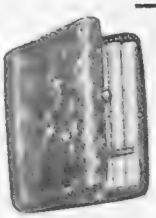
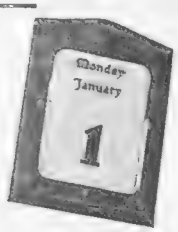
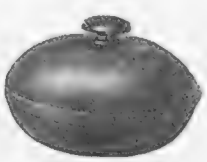


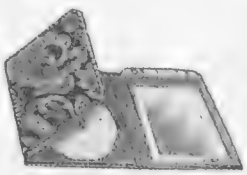
183.
***Cigarette Case** in real tortoiseshell, silver-gilt fittings - - 4 Gns.*
Also in blonde shell £4 14 6



179.
***Perpetual Calendars** in good imitation tortoiseshell*
21/9 and 25/6



185.
***Powder Bowl** in good imitation tortoiseshell*
21/9 and 25/6



177.
***Fashionable Vanity Case** in handsome brocades, silver-gilt edge, fitted mirror, lip salve, powder puff, as sketch 21/9*
Larger sizes - 29/6 and 39/6

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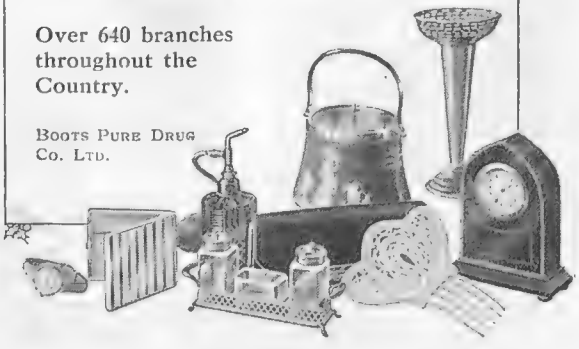

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With Silk Clocks, **5/11** per pair.
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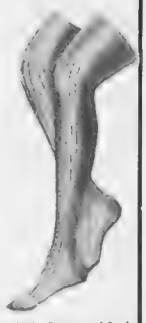

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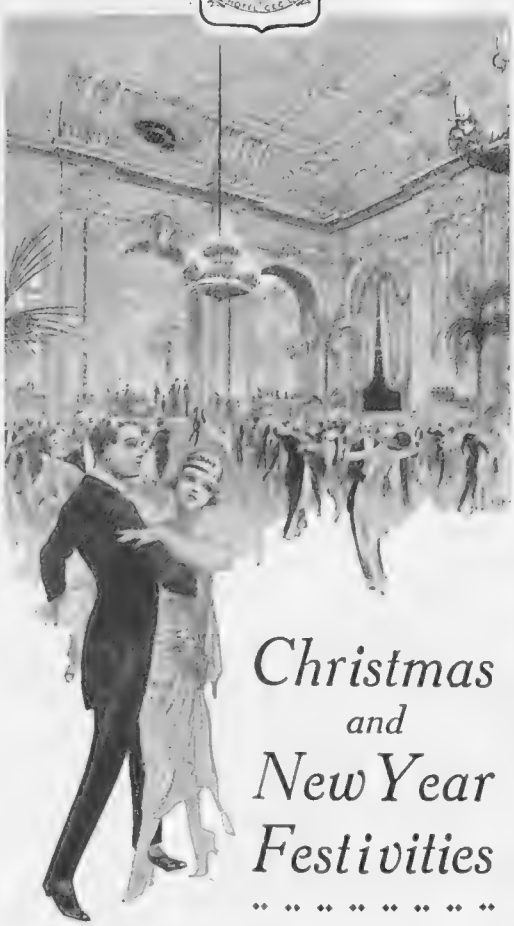

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SPECIAL DINNER, CONCERT & DANCE, In Restaurant and Palm Court.

Dancing until 2 a.m.

Saturday, December 30th

GRAND CHILDREN'S PARTY in Palm Court and Grand Hall

3 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

Sunday, December 31st
New Year's Eve

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Dancing until 2 a.m.
Late Dinner served from 8 p.m.

Tables may be retained throughout the evening. Dining and Dancing accommodation for 1,200 guests.

Apply Manager:

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FASHIONABLE SILK GEORGETTE TEA FROCKS AT SPECIAL PRICES

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GRACEFUL TEA FROCK (as sketch) in rich quality silk georgette, cut with waterfall draperies on bodice and skirt, the underslip of georgette to match, picot edged. In Black, Pink, Jade, Sky, Saxe, Tan, Brown, and many attractive shades.

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With an equipment of such quality as is usually found only on cars of the highest price, the MORRIS stands in its own class—the Best Car at the Most Moderate Price.

IT has easy manners; speed on the level and uphill come easily to it; it runs noiselessly, powerfully and *easily*; it is the easiest Car to keep going properly; it is the easiest Car to look after; it is THE EASY CAR.

PRICES.

11.9 h.p. MORRIS-COWLEY

2-seater (without starter)	£225
4-seater ditto	£255
2-seater (with starter)	£255
4-seater ditto	£275

11.9 h.p. MORRIS-OXFORD

2-seater (All-weather)	£330
4-seater ditto	£355
Coupé (2-seater)	£390
Cabriolet (4-seater)	£425

13.9 h.p. MORRIS-OXFORD

2-seater (All-weather)	£355
4-seater ditto	£380
Coupé (2-seater)	£415
Cabriolet (4-seater)	£450

17.9 h.p. MORRIS

Six-Cylinder (2-seater)	£475
Ditto (4-seater)	£500
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Ditto Cabriolet (4-seater)	£575
Ditto CHASSIS (complete)	£375

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As far as can be foreseen at present there is not likely to be any further reduction in the prices of Rover Cars during the 1923 Season.

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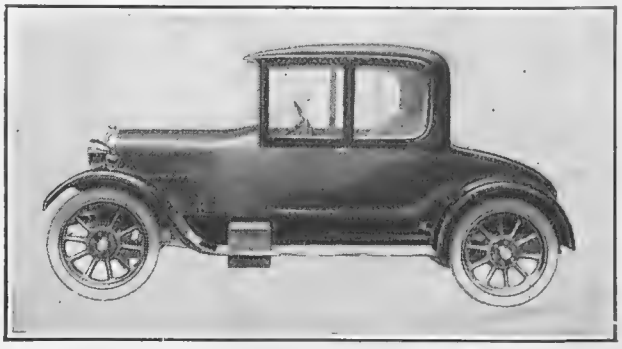

The 12 h.p. ROVER LIMOUSINE COUPE. Price £650

The Bystander, December 13, 1922 No. 993. Vol. LXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

BY H. H. HARRIS.

A "STRAIT" TIP

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CURZON: "Because I know you!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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XMAS MATS. DAILY in XMAS WEEK (except Friday) & NEW YEAR'S DAY.

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Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Thurs. & Sat. at 2.15.
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(5th Programme).

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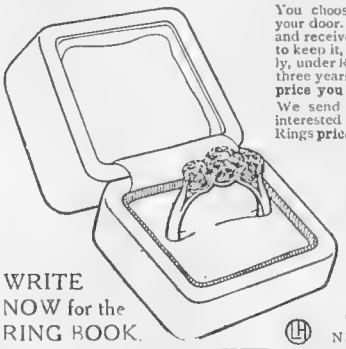

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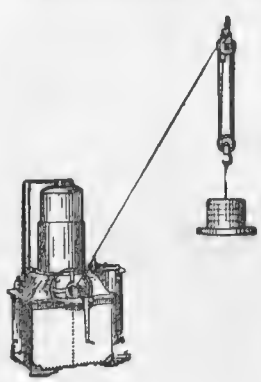

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Simple and Safe. Machines installed in England 1905 still in use.

Complete Installations from £75

Representative will inspect your house and submit estimate free.

WAKELINS ENGINEERS, Ltd.
TOTTENHAM STREET, W.1.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

A Line to London

You never pick a rose or see
A daffodil in bloom,
Unless 'tis sitting in a vase
Inside a stuffy room.
You never see the evening star,
But set your course o' nights
By vanishing advertisements
In red and yellow lights.

So a son of the shires once wrote to this great city which is London, and I, spending a wonderful week-end among the driven partridges, am inclined to echo his sentiments.

A World of My Own

Instead of living on the outside edge of somebody else's world, for three days I have been living in the middle of a world of my own. The only happenings that have mattered are the happenings that have happened to me. For all I knew, London might have fallen into the Thames and been drowned. I didn't mind!

Badly Bluffed

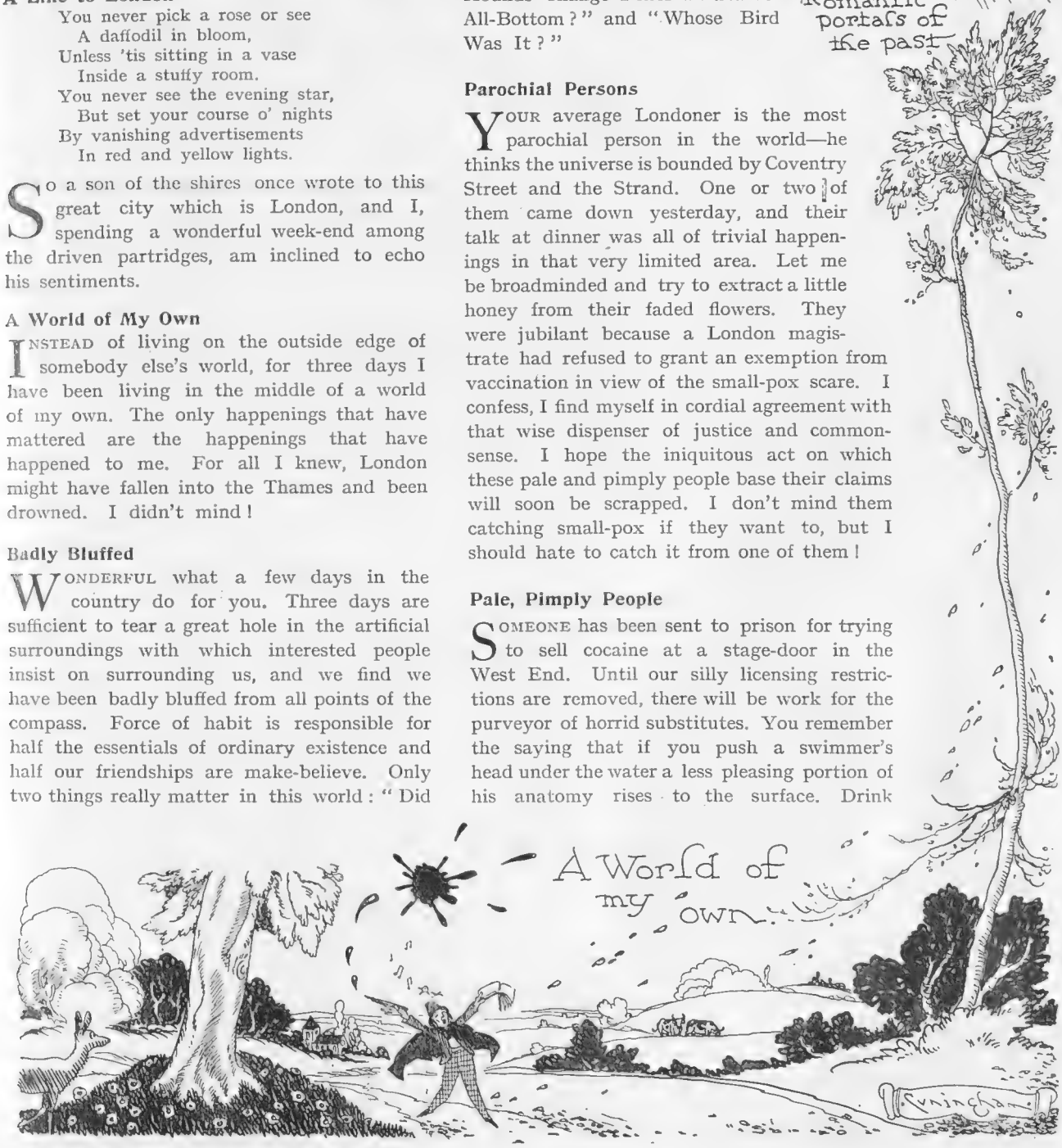
Wonderful what a few days in the country do for you. Three days are sufficient to tear a great hole in the artificial surroundings with which interested people insist on surrounding us, and we find we have been badly bluffed from all points of the compass. Force of habit is responsible for half the essentials of ordinary existence and half our friendships are make-believe. Only two things really matter in this world: "Did Hounds Change Foxes In Starve-All-Bottom?" and "Whose Bird Was It?"

Parochial Persons

Your average Londoner is the most parochial person in the world—he thinks the universe is bounded by Coventry Street and the Strand. One or two of them came down yesterday, and their talk at dinner was all of trivial happenings in that very limited area. Let me be broadminded and try to extract a little honey from their faded flowers. They were jubilant because a London magistrate had refused to grant an exemption from vaccination in view of the small-pox scare. I confess, I find myself in cordial agreement with that wise dispenser of justice and commonsense. I hope the iniquitous act on which these pale and pimply people base their claims will soon be scrapped. I don't mind them catching small-pox if they want to, but I should hate to catch it from one of them!

Pale, Pimply People

Someone has been sent to prison for trying to sell cocaine at a stage-door in the West End. Until our silly licensing restrictions are removed, there will be work for the purveyor of horrid substitutes. You remember the saying that if you push a swimmer's head under the water a less pleasing portion of his anatomy rises to the surface. Drink



restrictions in America were responsible for the drug habit which has spread to this country, and the people who object to honest drinking are the same people who object to vaccination. Nasty pale, pimply people! Having presented us with small-pox in its most virulent form, they are also anxious to drive us to drugs—two jolly Christmas presents, I do *not* think!

Romantic Portals

But it was the stage-door I wanted to speak about. Have you noticed how little we hear of those romantic portals in these later days? The

HUMPTY DUMPTY, THE BAD EGG

type of young man that hung around the back entrance of a theatre, and helped the door-keeper to build rows of houses seems to have passed. It can't be that our chorus ladies are less attractive than of yore. They still bloom in beautiful bunches, but the gilded youth seems to be taking his pleasures elsewhere. Possibly the super-tax has rubbed some of the gilt off our

NOW JUST WATCH THOSE BLACK CLOUDS ROLL AWAY

Sketches by Victor Hicks

BACK TO THE LAND

gilded youth, or can it be that society girls have learned to hold their own, and are competing successfully with their stage sisters? Personally, I incline to the latter theory, and, if you don't believe me, take a walk in Bond Street on one of the bright December mornings.

Gish, Gush, Gosh!

Lillian Gish is thinking of descending on London, and we are told that her reception will "make the Talmadges and Pickfords think they are mere flotsam and jetsam on the tide of screen affairs." I am not Miss Pickford's press agent, but how can anyone say how Londoners will behave when Miss Gish sheds the light of her presence upon us. Your Londoner may be parochial, as I have dared to suggest, but you can never tell which way he is going to jump. Sometimes, indeed, he doesn't jump at all. He refused to jump during the air raids, and he may refuse to dance when Miss Gish and her press agent call the tune. If I owned a screen star I would keep her tucked away at Los Angeles.

Confusions Less Confounded

Our English language needs overhauling. I don't suggest that the word "Beaver" should be included in the dictionaries, but there are confusions that might be less confounded. When I read the heading "Taxi-Driver Refuses Fare," I was frightfully indignant. Only the night before, I had been refused cartage of self and wife to Kensington by some sulky highwaymen, and here was one of them at it again. When I found that the taxi-driver had refused payment for driving an injured footballer home, because he had been playing for his old school, I could have cried to think how I had misjudged this splendid fellow. But it wasn't my fault—how was I to know that the heading referred to the money and not to the man?

The Shifting Seasons

We are in the thick of the Christmas Numbers, and the bookstalls are looking more gay than at any other time of the year. Yet there is a bewildering absence of green holly and red berries—a phenomenon which has been noticeable for some years past, but more so than ever this year. Have Editors ceased to pin their faith to the lure of these seasonable features of the countryside, or do they feel that the shifting seasons have made them, in themselves, unseasonable? True, "a white Christmas" is the exception rather than the rule, but the holly still grows green and bears berries in luxuriant profusion—there is a wonderful show this year, enough to decorate every picture of every grandfather in England, leaving lots to spare.

Christmas is Christmas

This growing tendency to ignore the conventional trappings of Christmastide must make it very awkward for the makers of Christmas cards. I can imagine Sir Adolf Tuck looking round

By E. T. Reed

—"THIS DAY MONTH" (I THINK)

Somewhat Bulky Employer: "What would you suggest as a 'sweet'?"
Plebeian Retainer: "Well, M'm—'Ow'd it be if you was to get in some h'oranges and I'd turn yer out a nice mastodon of froot?"

for a substitute, and, like Mr. Hobbs, being "jiggered" if he knows *what* to do about it. After all, Christmas is Christmas, and if things go on like this, all sorts of odd things may happen. For one thing, the Salvation Army band may refuse to come round in the evening, and, for another, the postman may forget to leave his usual pile of bills on the mat on Christmas morning. Let us all be up and doing, standing shoulder to shoulder for our rights—our holly berries, our bands, and our butcher's bills.

Photography at 23,000 feet

This sounds rather a "tall order," but in point of fact much of the film now being shown at the Philharmonic Hall was taken at this extraordinary altitude. The film illustrates the kinematograph lecture now being given on the climbing of Mount Everest. Captain J. B. L. Noel is both photographer and lecturer, and the performance is one of very great interest, dealing as it does with exploits in country hitherto unknown to white men.

Photograph] ROYALTY ON THE FOOTPLATE [*Keystone*

The Duke of York last week visited the London and North Western Railway's many activities, in his capacity of President of the Industrial Welfare Society. With some of the Company's directors he "took" the road and is here seen in the cab of an engine which he successfully drove into Euston Station

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *Tom Atkinson*

HIS MAJESTY AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL

The King—whose practical interest in agriculture was evidenced by several successful exhibits, of which Clairvoyant Jewel, the prize heifer shown in this photograph, is a good example — at the Smithfield Club Cattle Show, which he opened at Islington last week. The Prince of Wales, as President of the Club, accompanied His Majesty

Her Majesty Goes A-Shopping

NOBODY enjoys shopping more than the Queen, and nobody does it more systematically or thoroughly. Her Majesty knows exactly what she wants and where to get it. Her lists are made out in the most business-like manner, and if everybody set out to get their Christmas presents with the same carefulness and prevision there wouldn't be such congestion at the counters.

A morning or so ago I was talking to a friend outside a jeweller's shop in Bond Street. A motor stopped at the door. Inside were the Queen and a Lady-in-Waiting. Before she got out the Queen looked at a long slip of paper. She passed unnoticed into the shop. In a few minutes Her Majesty returned to the car, and I noticed as it moved away that she made a mark with a pencil on the paper she had consulted before.

As my friend and I were talking a lady known to us both came out of the jeweller's shop. We asked her if she had seen the Queen.

"Her Majesty stood next to me," she said. "I wish I could do my shopping as she does. I've been there half an hour trying to choose a watch-bracelet. The Queen wanted a brooch. She told the man exactly what she wanted. He brought a tray. Her Majesty said, pointing to one, 'That is the design but it is too small.' Another tray was brought of larger brooches. 'That is what I want,' said the Queen, and that was all."

Les Rois en Exile

THE second time ex-King Tino has chosen Palermo for his habitation. The first time he became an ex-monarch he went to Switzerland, but his return there would not have been welcomed, especially with the Allied Conference sitting at Lausanne.

In Palermo there are more social amenities for a throneless monarch than in Switzerland. There are many wealthy noblemen in the Sicilian capital. They have beautiful palaces and a strong monarchical instinct, and delight in doing honour to monarchy, whether it is fallen or reigning.

For the time being ex-King Tino and his family are staying at the Villa Igeia, a splendid hotel just outside the town, but there is a rumour that the Prince of Trabia—one of the greatest of the Sicilian princes—has offered his palace for their dwelling-place.

The Villa Igeia was one of the many schemes of Signor Florio, once the richest man in all Italy. He built it as a consumption hospital. That was an utter failure, so it was turned into a hotel *de luxe*, and you couldn't wish for a hotel more comfortable or more beautifully situated. It

Photograph *I.B.*

AN ALWAYS POPULAR CHAIRMAN

The Prince of Wales at the Mansion House, where he took the Chair at the Orphan Working School Dinner. On the Prince's right is the Lord Mayor of London, and on his left Lord Marshall, the late Lord Mayor

Photograph *Sport and General*

A LABRADOR RETRIEVER CHAMPIONSHIP

A group of the guns, guests and beaters near Lynford, Norfolk, taken outside the shooting box where the party assembled for lunch

is close to the sea. Princess Beatrice was staying there in the early part of the year when the news of Lord Leopold Mountbatten's death reached her.

The Late Lady Dunedin

THE death of Lady Dunedin will be greatly felt in Edinburgh, where for the last quarter of a century she has been Lady Paramount. Everybody of interest, either in the Scottish capital or passing through, found their way to her house in Rothesay Terrace. She preferred Edinburgh to London, and proved that an interesting and amusing society can exist outside London.

Lady Dunedin shared her sister's (Mrs. George Keppel) vivid sense of humour. And she had a witty tongue. Amongst her many attractions was the fact that she never used her wit unkindly. It illuminated, but never wounded.

Lady Dunedin married Mr. Graham Murray forty-six years ago. He was raised to the peerage as Lord Dunedin seventeen years ago after a brilliant legal career, and after being Secretary for Scotland.

Photograph *P. and A.*

THE KING'S NEW REPRESENTATIVE

Mr. T. M. Healy, K.C., the first Governor-General of the Irish Free State, photographed outside his house in Dublin. There is not a little ground for hope that he may prove the one man to achieve the hitherto unachievable—the rapprochement between North and South Ireland

Photograph] **AN INTERESTING GROUP** *[Topical*

The Dowager Lady Nunburnholme's house party, at which Prince Henry was a distinguished guest, at her beautiful home, Warter Priory, in Yorkshire. Besides Prince Henry (in the centre of the photograph) and his hostess, can be seen the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord and Lady Cranborne, Lady Sarah Wilson, Lord Lovat and Lord Dalmeny

Park Lane

WILL the day come when Park Lane will be closed to our novelists as a dwelling-place for their multi-millionaire heroes and heroines? And will that historic and much bus-ridden thoroughfare one day, too, no longer offer any attraction for those whom an American woman writer recently described as "climbing the slippery slopes to social advantage"?

These questions occur to me because Park Lane at this moment is peppered with notice boards of houses to be sold or let. One wonders where the people are coming from to take them. Silver mines, diamond mines, nitrate, oil, soap, and sausages don't seem to produce the bristling millions they used to, and each one of these has provided a house in Park Lane for somebody at some time or other.

One of the boards in Park Lane announces that Countess Grosvenor's house is to be let furnished. I doubt if any other house in the historic street, except Londonderry House, has seen such a succession of interesting folk. The worlds of politics, art, literature, and society all met there during George Wyndham's lifetime at the mid-day luncheons—a French fashion which everybody liked and nobody imitated.

They were delightful at George Wyndham's and Lady Grosvenor's house, but for other folk the drawback was that if you lunched at twelve you fell between two stools. You were free to start your afternoon before other folk had even sat down at their luncheon tables; and if you were asked out to lunch you were speechless with hunger because it was an hour and a half at least after your usual time for the middle-day meal.

Photograph] LORD PLUNKET AND HIS BRIDE [*L.N.A.*

Lord Plunket and Mrs. Jack Barnato, daughter of Miss Fanny Ward and widow of the late Capt. Jack Barnato, leaving St. Mary's, Denham, Bucks, after the ceremony at which the bridegroom's uncle, the Bishop of Meath, officiated. The reception was held at the charming residence of Lady Victoria Braithwaite, the bridegroom's mother

The Plunket Marriage

SPEAKING of Park Lane, one is led by a natural sequence to the Plunket marriage. Barney Barnato built an astounding house in Park Lane—its painful excrescences have been modified by its present owner. Last week Mrs. Jack Barnato, a youthful and beautiful widow, married the equally youthful Lord Plunket. Both are somewhere about twenty-three.

Few peers have a Bishop and an Archbishop amongst their immediate predecessors in the title. Lord Plunket has both. His grandfather was Archbishop of Dublin, and the Archbishop's uncle, who was Lord Plunket for twelve years, was already Bishop of Tuam when he succeeded his father, the first Baron. The Archbishop Lord Plunket married a sister of the Earl of Iveagh, which gives Lord Plunket a relationship to the Guinness family.

On the maternal side Lord Plunket is closely *parenté* to the Dufferin family, his mother being a daughter of the first Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, one of the most brilliant Ambassadors and Pro-Consuls of the Victorian era. Lord Dufferin was a descendant of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and inherited a goodly portion of the ready wit of the author of *The School for Scandal*.

His daughter, upon her second marriage to Colonel Braithwaite — a brother, I think, of Miss Lilian Braithwaite—following the example of Lady Millicent Hawes (formerly Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland), dropped her peeress's title and took her maiden name as an earl's daughter with the name of her second husband.

A Day with the Berks and Bucks

YOUR Bystander has hunted with some of the swiftest moving packs in the country, but never until a day last week with the Berks and Bucks Staghounds had he met with such a maintained "burst" of fast going. Followers of this stag pack come mostly from the stalwart farmers of these counties, and in return for putting into life a few odd crops of mangel-wurzels, they stipulate that they take out of it as many hard rides and long drinks as they can. Starting from Bradenham, the stag evaded capture until past dusk—and is, indeed, still at large—when but two huntsmen, the smiling *debonair* secretary Walter Fryer, your Bystander, and A. N. Other were left out of the field. Yes, the jumps and the "ginger beer" had certainly thinned the ranks. But a great day, and some great going.

Photograph] RECEIVING THE GUESTS [*Passano*

Mr. William D. Allen, of Chippenfield, Herts, and Lady Phyllis King, second daughter of Lord and Lady Lovelace, were married last week. The reception was held at 23, Knightsbridge, the house of the bride's parents, where a distinguished gathering included the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Dowager Countess of Lichfield, and Candida, Marchioness of Tweeddale

Photograph] THE WIFE OF AN EXILED PRINCE [*Central News*

Princess Alice, the wife of Prince Andrew of Greece, and sister to the Marquess of Milford Haven, with her two daughters, taken during their recent stay in London. Prince Andrew, the brother of ex-King Tino, has been deprived of all military rank and sentenced to banishment for life after a trial by a Greek revolutionary Court-Martial

The Riviera Week by Week

A NEW ATTRACTION AT CANNES

At the opening of the new Beau Site Tennis Courts which are proving such an attractive feature of Cannes. The photograph shows (reading from the left) Miss Nesta Coventry, the Hon. Anne Macdonnell, Lady Macdonnell of Swinford, and (seated) Lady Milton and Mrs. Kingscote in the new gardens

AT NICE

Mrs. Blandford, the wife of Major Blandford, off for her morning stroll

CANNES is rightly called the "Cowes of the Mediterranean," and the yachting season here promises to be a record one. Captain Guiness has arrived on his yacht, the *Ocean Rover*, while we understand that Mr. Solly B. Joel will come out shortly on board his yacht, the *Eileen*. Lord Tredegar will arrive the end of this month on board his *Maid of Honour*, as will also Mr. Duncan Gordon Sellers, who is coming out on board his yacht, *Lista*. Colonel Gage, ex-proprietor of the *Sea Foam*, which he sold to Mr. W. S. Cochran, the American yachtsman, is bringing out his *Amphridite*, with Captain Carter in command.

MME. DE KRONEMBER, who is well-known among the English winter colony here, is to spend the season at Cannes, having recently purchased the beautiful Villa Mauritzia which was the residence of the late King of Montenegro, who spent many seasons here.

Sir Mortimer and Lady Davis have come out for the season, and are installed in their charming Villa Les Glaieuls.

At the Hotel Carlton have arrived, Sir John and Lady Jarvis, who have come on from Monte Carlo.

General Sir Arthur Paget has arrived and will remain for the entire season. At present Sir Arthur Paget is staying with his sister, Miss Paget, at Château Garibondy, while his Villa Saint Jacques is undergoing certain renovations.

The Grand Duke Michael and the Countand Countess Torby are among those spending the winter here, arriving the latter part of this month. They will spend the season at their Villa Luna Nuova. The Grand Duke Michael is president of the golf club here, and a most enthusiastic golfer.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ON THE LINKS

Baron de Bellet, President of the Nice Golf Club, Cannes, receiving H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught. The Duke played with his equerry, Major Levett, who is seen (facing the camera) talking to Mr. J. R. Hay-Gordon

BARON RAOUL SCHROEDERS, the well-known South American polo-player, arrived this past week with Baroness Schroeders, and are installed in Villa Roche Fleurie.

The Cercle Nautique, which provides much in the social life here, has opened for the season, and will shortly start their famous *Thés Dansants*. The classical concerts and brilliant balls given at this fashionable club during the season never fail to attract the *élite* of the English and American colony along the entire Côte d'Azur. Among those joining recently are Count de Pourtales, Captain H. Bradley, Baron Vechiotti, Commander H. Chambers, Baron de Meyronnet de Saint Marc, Mr. Clement Ogden, Captain Gray Taylor, Colonel E. Boydy, the Count de Troussures, and Baron Schroeders.

I WENT out to the Golf Club at Mandelieu recently and found Major Harvey, his immaculate grey tweeds camouflaged in

Bystander exclusive Photographs

THE NEW BEAU SITE COURTS AT CANNES

C. F. Aeschliman, the well-known Swiss player who did so well on the Riviera last season, practising with Page, the professional

LAWN TENNIS AT CANNES

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Preston of Tetbury, Gloucestershire, trying the new Beau Site Courts.

a suit of blue overalls originally, I think, designed for someone else, joy-riding on a motor lawn-mower on the seventeenth green, and making hay while the sun shone. They have had two of these Ransomes at Mandelieu for years, but I fancy the new and energetic secretary is the first man in recent times who knew how to get any mileage out of them. Freemantle, Senior, who has been guardian angel to many greens in the South of France in the past twenty-six years, was looking on with complete approval, and I expect by the time these lines appear the second nine holes will be open for play.

PLAY commenced on the links fully a fortnight earlier than usual, and members in increasing numbers may be seen daily on the picturesque half beyond the river. The Grand Duke Cyril of Russia is among the most regular attendants, the Baron de Ramsay—not to be confused, of course, with Lord de Ramsey, of Ramsey Abbey, near Huntingdon—plays frequently, in company with his handsome American wife, while Mr. Napier, one of the keenest golfing enthusiasts in the South, Mr. W. Ferrier-Kerr, an active member of the Greens Committee, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Topham, Captain Bradley, Mr. Duncan Collie—who has just taken the Villa Springland, with its famous rose garden—and many others have played many rounds. Lord Wester Wemyss, who is Captain of the club, is expected daily from London now, and will make an early appearance on the links. There is probably no more beautiful golf course in Europe, and as it is barely five miles from the centre of Cannes its evergrowing popularity is easy to understand.

IN HOLIDAY VEIN

Major Blandford, one of the early golf enthusiasts to arrive at the Nice Golf Club, Cagnes

AT the Cannes Lawn Tennis Club, Mrs. MacLean has arrived from London to take charge, and Miss Covington, the professional, is already hard at work, and likes it. The regular players include Mr. and Mrs. William J. Locke and their daughter Sheila, Commander C. C. Royle, R.N., Lieut.-Colonel Cecil H. Meares—of whose many adventures in the far corners of the earth the one the public remember best is his voyage with Scott on that great dash to the South Pole—Major and Mrs. Clifford H. Stringer, Dr. A. A. Warden, who has kindly promised to give a prize for a competition for veterans, Mr. H. V. D. Brockman, Mr. Alfred Laurens, Mr. H. H. Van Cleef, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lane Eno from New York. Aeschliman, the Swiss champion, is also here, and I saw him contest a very hot match with Albert Burke on the Carlton Courts the other day. His style is as delightful as ever to watch, and we may expect to see a good deal of him during the next few months.

Bystander Exclusive Photographs

KING SOL'S DOMINION OVER PALM AND PINE

The Riviera season has opened brilliantly with brilliant sunshine to match. A scene such as this photograph depicts—the déjeuner hour at the opening of the Nice Tennis Club—is but one of the many similar causes of the present rush to the Mediterranean littoral

Riviera Pearls and their Setting:

No. 4. CARMEN OF CANNES

"Not in the Book of Words"

BY H. H. HARRIS

UNORTHODOXY AT THE THREE ARTS BALL

The dominant spirit at last week's Three Arts Revel at Covent Garden was, as our artist has caught it, traditionally joyous and insouciant. The costumes were more varied and original than ever before, and the Judging Committee, which included Lady Townshend and Miss Gladys Cooper, had difficulty in making their "Honours" List and awarding such coveted decorations as The Distinguished Order of Lunch-for-two-at-Chez-Ritz, Dame Commander of the Barrel of Oysters (with Bar—to open), and Honourable Compani n of a Box-for-four-at-Drury Lane

LONDON CLUB TYPES

BY "ANTHONY"

Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN

No. I.—"GREEN'S"

I WAS waiting patiently for a break in the traffic, to cross from Piccadilly to St. James' Street, when Bunny touched my elbow. "Come and lunch at Green's," he said.

I accepted.

Green's was a stone's throw from where we stood; we threaded our way through the traffic. I always feel there is something about Bunny and Green's that go very well together. Though it is the oldest club in London, there is no other institution that has better preserved its characteristics. In the days of the Regency the members of Green's were ready to bet on any conceivable subject, from the date of birth and sex of a member's prospective offspring to the colour of the next cab horse. They were a rollicking, roystering lot, particular about their dress, callous of their fortunes, ready to drink their three bottles at Carlton House, or drive to Greenwich and mill with a waterman.

I don't suggest Bunny would have drunk three bottles of port, or gone out of his way to fight a bargee. But he moved with the times he lived in.

However, to get back to Green's. Approaching the club, I noticed only one man standing in the famous bow-window, and he had his back to the street. Shades of the past! Where were the *beaux* of bygone days who used to sit in that window and quiz the damsels as they passed? I asked Bunny.

He said the bow-window had dropped out of fashion. He attributed this to the fact that whereas it was once a terrible breach of etiquette for a lady to betray by so much as a glance that she was conscious of a man sitting in a window, the modern damsel had no qualms about turning and staring any gallant out of countenance. He added that it was not always convenient for a man to have *all* his lady friends know he was in town. "Cut flowers cost money," he enigmatically concluded.

Passing the arms of the Club, designed by two famous last century *beaux*, we went into the lounge on the left. Bunny touched a bell, and cocktails appeared in glasses which, I believe, are known technically in the trade as "large claret."

That wit still flourished was soon evident. A young man on the fender was giving a verbatim report of a conversation he had overheard between two football fans. The report, rendered in inimitable cockney dialect, presented a vivid picture of the thrills of a cup-tie final. I could have stayed listening with delight for a long time, but Bunny interrupted.

"Come on, and have lunch; that silly ass, ———, will go on bucking for hours."

The dining-room of Green's, lofty-ceilinged, crimson-papered, with its wonderful old chandelier hanging in the centre, struck me as one of the finest club-rooms I had seen. Bunny, however, appeared less concerned with my impressions of its magnificence than with the day's provisions on the cold table.

"Anything you fancy there?" he asked.

I looked. There were quails in aspic, prawns, lobsters, salmon, shrimps, peach-fed hams, beef, pressed, roast, and boiled; pies, pastries, jellies—never had I seen a greater profusion of good things.

"Supposed to be rather a feature of the Club—the cold table," said Bunny.

I believed him, secretly wondering what it represented in dead loss to the coffee-room accounts.

We glanced at the card-room after lunch. For a moment I stood looking at this comparatively unpretentious chamber, which had probably seen more memorable play than any other room in the world. I thought of the days when whole estates had changed hands on the turn of a card.

"Not much gambling now," said Bunny, "though I fancy a few of 'em have a little flutter now and then." He looked at his watch. "I say, old boy, I'll have to be off; I said I'd be at the garage at half-past two."

An hour later Bunny, clad in petrol-smelling overalls, his forearms smeared with grease, was cleaning his car.

Maybe the shade of Beau Brummel chanced along, and, happening to see a fellow-member of Green's, paused, smoothed the lace ruffles about its neck, shook out its cambric handkerchief, shuddered, and passed upon its way. But Beau Brummel lived in different times from ours.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

"I WOULD have you know, sir," said the irate player whose partner had criticised him, "that I have forgotten more about Bridge than you will ever learn." "What a pity," said the irrepressible one, "*that you have forgotten it.*"

Card-table amenities are frequent, but there are few good Bridge stories. I like the one of the subaltern who was bullied throughout the rubber by the Colonel.

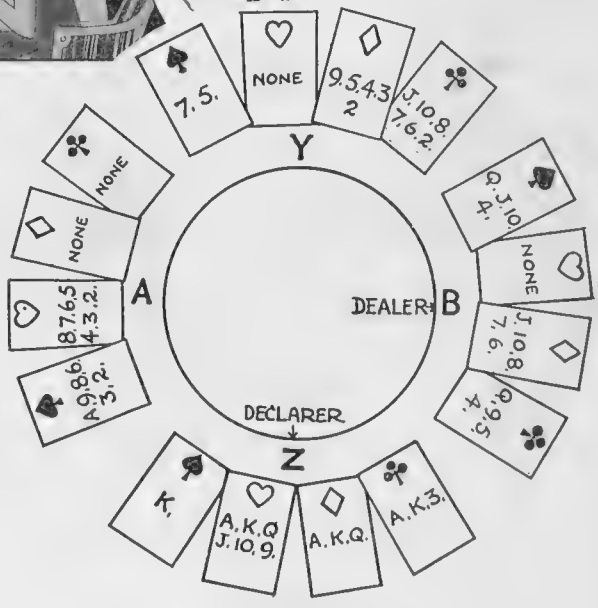
"Why, in Heaven's name, did you lead me a diamond?" he inquired.

"Well, I hadn't a heart," replied the sub., meekly.

"A heart, who said anything about a heart? You had a black suit."

"Yes, sir," said the sub., "I had a black suit, but I was *keeping that for your funeral.*"

Virtue is not always rewarded at the Bridge table, any more than in life. "Wicked" calls often come off, and "correct" ones go down. It is dreadful to see a strong man struggling against adversity. I have known players whose lives have been embittered for weeks owing to perfectly good calls going wrong. They simply can't forget it. They go about with a hang-dog, persecuted-martyr-kind-of-air.



The hardest case I know was that of a friend of mine who was dealt the following hand:

Spades—King.	Diamonds—A, K, Q.
Hearts—A, K, Q, J, 10, 9.	Clubs—A, K, 3.

The player on his right dealt, passed, and my friend called "Two hearts." Not an extravagant call. I know lots of good players who would have bid three or four hearts on the hand, but my friend is a cautious fellow. To his amazement he was doubled by the man on his left. The two others passed and my friend re-doubled. *He went down two tricks on the hand,* making only his six trumps. How is it possible, you may ask? Well, the diagram above will explain it.

The Ace of Spades was opened by A, who followed with a small Spade. Z trumped in and led Ace of Hearts when the position became clear to him as B failed. He then led Ace of Diamonds, which A ruffed and then led a Spade. However Z played he must be two down as A had got the first force on him and stood over him with the long trump.

The moral of the story is that it was played on the *Mauretania* with two strangers. I leave you to judge whether it was merely a freak distribution of cards!

VACCINE ELOQUENT

By Frederick Parker

"Mother, may I have some water to christen my dolly?"
"No, dear"
"Then may I have some wax to waxinate her?"

"Action and Reaction—

BY WILL OWEN

—Are Equal and Opposite" (Even with Editors!)

Twickenham's Supreme Test

CAMBRIDGE

There is as much excitement as ever over the 'Varsity Rugger Match which is due to be played at Twickenham to-day (December 12th). Much to everybody's regret it was announced a few days before the match that D. P Thres and D. C. Ryder (both injured in the Newport match) would probably be unable to play for Cambridge. Thres had to

The Rival 'Varsity Rugger Teams

OXFORD

BY PHILLIS KERMODE

stand down at the last minute last year owing to an injury. Ryder (who is seen above in the right-hand corner of the Cambridge page) was Wakefield's right-hand man in the scrummage. Their substitutes had not been decided upon in time for our artist to include them in these pages

WANTED
A Humorous Photograph

£50 REWARD.

PHOTOGRAPHY has become an art to itself, even rivalling the etcher's needle and the painter's brush, but till now it has been confined to the portrayal of beauty: beautiful women; the beauty of motion; the pictured beauty of landscape. It has practically ignored humour; indeed, humour would seem to have evaded the camera's cunning lens. Is this really so? The Editor wishes to know.

> And, in order to discover this apparent lack of humour, he is prepared to offer a cheque for Fifty Pounds for the photograph which, in his opinion, most truly pictures a spirit of fun, which most truly captures the smiling sprite of humour and from staid seriousness does turn his face—and yours—to smile. Simply a photograph of fun, not a marvellous print requiring years of applied technique to accomplish, just some funny photograph. That's all. And the cheque is yours.

Fill in the entry form on page 742 of this issue and paste it on the back of your photograph. Any number of pictures may be submitted, but each must have the coupon pasted on the back of it.

Photographs must be addressed to The Editor, "The Bystander," Graphic Buildings, London, E.C.4, in envelopes marked Photographic Competition in the left top corner. They must not be rolled, and should be carefully sealed to avoid postal accidents. They must reach us by *February 1st, 1923.*

The decision of the Editor will be final, and the full copyright and negative of the winning picture will become the property of "The Bystander." The Editor reserves the right to publish any photograph sent in at the usual rate of payment.

Blanchette on Youth

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *December* 11

DEAR COUSIN—

EVERY day in every way I get younger and younger, these December times. Or feels like it anyway, which is all that counts, isn't it? Don't need to keep on Coué-ing myself up to the required point, either, not for a single minute, what with all the nice young and childish things that seem to be happening every day in everyway and all around.

LIKE those dear darling undergrads from Oxford, also Cambridge, who 'pear to be fairly buying the town just now, what with the 'Varsity Rugger match this week and the Vac., or whatever they call it, in full swing, and all the pleasures of London to be tasted by these young and unjaded palates, what? Quite a joy and relief really, you know, to see their d'lightfully young faces about at all the parties one goes to—and to listen to all their d'lightfully *old* talk, too.

I MEAN, they *are* such positively t'rific men-of-the-world, some of them, aren't they? Have gone everywhere and done everything, or are going to go and do it to-morrow at the very latest, and are frightfully serious, and yet same time fearf'ly joyous about it all. All the solemnity of the importantest of statesmen, combined with all the gay insouciance of irresponsible youth. . . . Which is really, you know, to us jaded men and women of the world (said she, superiorly) rather extra partic'larly nice and new and refreshing.

AND catching. Chucks simply years off one's chest, f'instance to be asked once more, 'tween shimmies to the tune of "Shuffle Along," or "Say it With Music," whether I've "been to many theatres lately?" And when you get your hand quite timidly and blushingly squeezed, or even held for a whole minute or two on the stairs (shush!) by one of these dashing Angel Children with the bold clear eyes—well, positively makes you feel for your plaits, and cast your own maidenly optics down in the best deb. manner, doesn't it?

GIVES you a kind of (motherly) glow, too, and makes you want to kiss 'em right away—a kiss with a tear behind it. A kiss for their lovely young—ness, these dear "world's unwearied lovers," and a tear for . . . oh, I don't quite know what. The shadowy, untrodden future partly, perhaps, and partly the memory, I suppose, of those other young things of only just a few years ago. . . .

THERE'S hunt and county balls just started, too—went to the very first, the Old Berkeley one, last Friday as ever was—and all help towards that d'lightful young feeling, *they* do. When you are positively quite *outré* and out of it if you don't wear nice long white gloves, and you have programmes ('struth), and dance every single dance with some one diff'rent. And there's lots of waltzes, and "dreamy" music, and proper really-and-truly sitting out in corridors and places—and even, with luck, a genuine guaranteed old-time conservatory!

"Olympia—performing parrots"

AND here in London now we're busy fixing up such truly youthful shows as children's parties, even at places like Ciro's—where they have theirs on the 21st, by the way. And next week, too, at Olympia there's actually going to be a real live circus, with lovely performing parrots and elephants and seals and jugglers and acrobats, and things. Oh, youth . . .! Shall begin to feel simply heaps and miles and oceans too grown-up in our long skirts soon if we aren't dreadfully careful.

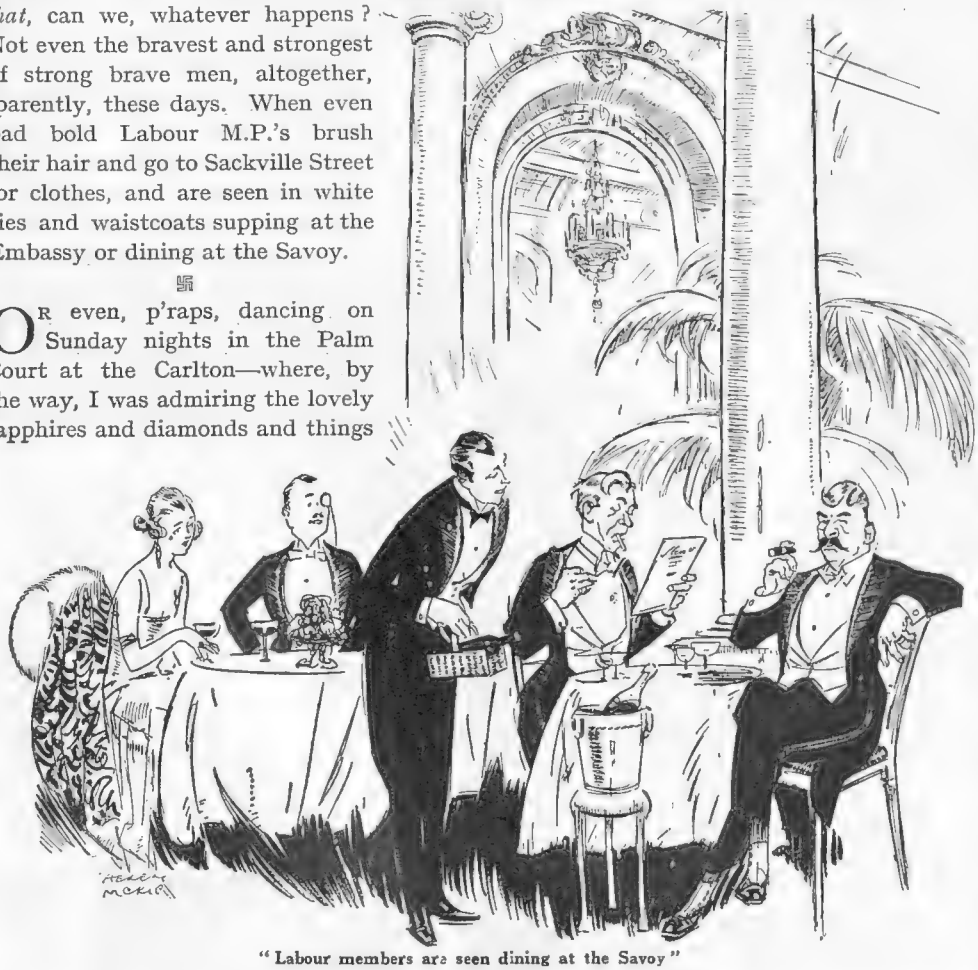
"I am sure it's a wrong number"

COS, of course, it really has come at last, and penetrated into every home and made itself a reg'lar institution and unbreakable law of the Medes and Persians, so to speak—

that long-threatened frock that hangs—well—not quite to your ankles but getting on that way. Spite of the artists *and* the doctors. First of whom are quite horrified, seems, at the way we've ungracefully begun to hide ourselves. While 'cording to the doctor people we're simple *asking* for trouble, the way we go about picking up germs and things, 'specially with the little trailing side-trains that every one's wearing these evenings now.

BUT after all, 's the fashion, like wearing ears and earrings again, and can't possibly disobey *that*, can we, whatever happens? Not even the bravest and strongest of strong brave men, altogether, 'parently, these days. When even bad bold Labour M.P.'s brush their hair and go to Sackville Street for clothes, and are seen in white ties and waistcoats supping at the Embassy or dining at the Savoy.

OR even, p'raps, dancing on Sunday nights in the Palm Court at the Carlton—where, by the way, I was admiring the lovely sapphires and diamonds and things in those fascinating glass cases just outside the dance-room the other night, only just 'bout three or four hours 'fore some one came and took quite a lot of 'em away without asking. No—wasn't me, but did *rather* wish afterwards that *I'd* been born with a criminal mind, too, *and* thought of it first!



"Labour members are seen dining at the Savoy"

RATHER great and good idea, you know (bar suchlike accidents) having your jeweller's shop brought right to the door, so to speak, and thrust before your eyes just when you're feeling bright and party-ish, and reckless and 'stravagant, and all that sort of thing.

FRENCH fashion really, I think it is, this private shopping idea, to start with—anyway they *cert'nly* do it at the Hotel Meurice and places, in Paris. And they do do *some* things better in France, as the old saying goes, that Lawrence Sterne, I b'lieve, invented . . . from the mere meek and humble woman's point of view at least, without one single jot or tittle or fraction of a doubt.

WONDERFUL people, come to to think of it, the French. And young always, much younger than us, some ways. Love hard, and hate hard — and don't mind talking about it, either, which is, methinks, one of the qualities of youth, isn't it? Crude, p'raps, but sometimes think it would make life anyway a bit more interesting if we could somehow bring ourselves to do something of the same sort of thing.

STILL, after all, there are always with us—the poets. Young everyone of 'em, or if not, what's much the same and just as good, quite youthfully shameless about saying the things they think and feel.

> Poets, painters, and puddings: these three
> Make up the world as it ought to be—

audaciously remarks Richard Hughes in the new *Georgian Poetry Book* that's just come out. And not before it was needed.

HOW delightful to read again soft and soothing verse about how

> The lonely, lovely trees sigh
> For summer spent and gone:
> A few homing leaves drift by,
> Poor souls bewildered and wan . . .

And beautiful lines (in the midst of politics and Christmas shopping, and bustle, and racket and rush), such as William Kerr's—

> And everywhere soft shadows like your eyes,
> And scattered blossoms like your little smiles.

WHEN you read exquisite things like that don't you ever by any chance get just the ghost of a suspicion of a tiny tear in your eye-ee, as the old song said?

MUST rush now, 'cos they're ringing up on the telephone, and I'm sure it's a wrong number, and I want to be there in time to be quite cross and rude about it before they go. Unless—yes, p'raps it's about my tickets for the Chelsea Arts Ball that's going to happen on February 7, which sounds a long way ahead still, but there's nothing like being well on the safe side for *that* most frightfully popular (and *young*) of modern revelries.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

On Ski and Skates at Chamonix—

THAT GAY HAUNT OF WINTER SPORTERS

SHAKING OFF THE SUMMER STIFFNESS

Monsieur Ravanel Gilbert, the champion skier of Chamonix, preparing for a dash down the mountain side

ARABESQUES ON ICE

Monsieur Quaglia Leon, the champion tobogganist, is no mean figure-skater, as this picture of him in a wonderful Russian pirouette shows

"THE QUEEN OF DANCES"

Two experts practising the waltz with those long sweeping glides that bring such envy to the novice's heart

Specially photographed for "The Bystander"

OH! TO BE IN CHAMONIX, NOW THAT WINTER'S HERE!

Monsieur Quaglia Leon in a hockey match between two picked local teams. Ice-hockey enthusiasts are looking forward to some good sport this winter, and it is rumoured among the cognoscenti that there will be many hotly contested games

CHASING DOWN THE BOULEVARDS

WEARING THE CAP OF ST. CATHERINE

Gay Midinettes and Mannequins

Celebrating St. Catherine's Day in Paris

SKETCHES BY ROSE LE QUESNE

THREE VERY LITTLE MANNEQUINS

UN HAUT CHAPEAU

The Catherinettes of Paris and of Montmartre kept St. Catherine's Day with their usual spontaneous gaiety, the Mannequins

A GAY CATHERINETTE HAS A SMALL CIGARETTE

YET ANOTHER STRIKING ST. CATHERINE HEAD - DRESS

MÉCHANTE

"DANCING TIME"

A ONE-STEP IN THE STREETS

and Midinettes all highly arrayed in every sort of cap and costume. "De coiffer St. Catherine," as they have it

GLADIATORS. BY "PENDARVES"

I SUPPOSE history repeats itself fairly frequently. I assume that when the picked Gladiators of the Roman season, men who had been coerced away from one arena to another (at heavy transfer fees no doubt), entered the *Forum*, swaggering behind their shields, or brandishing the *scutari* with easy grace, the populace perked up in pleasurable anticipation at the imminence of something particularly gory. It is much the same to day. Except that there is often pathos now. Whereas then there was only death, following swiftly upon the downward slant of the Imperial thumb.

But when people in the Rugger stands start thumping feverishly with their feet at the tardy entrance of two gladiatorial teams into the white-lined arena, you may be sure it is nervous tension (as of yore) not the clock which is prompting them. There is going to be a veritable battle. The Harlequins (for the sake of example) have not met Blackheath yet this year. Either side may win by a razor-edge margin of points. Both sides are first-class, and at full strength.

"Let's have a bit more of that rug for my legs, and don't talk so much, here they come."

The battle is usually to the strong. Well, W. I. N. Strong (with the auspicious initials) is working the Blackheath scrum—a good enough augury, says the Kentish camp-follower. On the other hand, with a Harlequin three-quarter line composed of such valiants as Jacob Palmer, Gracie and Gibbs it is difficult to see what manner of man is going to stop any one of them consistently. And the 'Quin cynic, with the sun full in his eyes, fills another pipe with an aggressive optimism.

The play opens dully before the best part of eight thousand enthusiasts, and, as is the way of the Rugby game, is invariably, interminably, on the opposite touch-line to that on which you sit peering. So that everything is in miniature, and you curse below your breath for the ball to come across so that you can take stock of men and things. The Harlequins begin by attacking venomously, and Blackheath defending—sluggishly. What is wrong? Nobody knows; and people look questioningly at each other. When the ball comes out to the Blackheath three-quarters it finds them bunched up and unready. There is no sting there. Moreover, the inimitable Lowe is squeezed on to the touch line where he has no elbow-room, and no scope. Curious. And then it dawns upon those of us who have watched battles like this before, and played in them. The Gladiators are among the forwards. It is here that the game is being lost, and won. The Harlequin forwards found themselves in the first five minutes, and never lost an inch of ground again. The uninitiated cannot see exactly *what* a pack of fast forwards is doing, its deadliness. He only realises, vaguely, that the Blackheath scrum half is repeatedly shouting to his forwards "coming on the *right*, Club!" and that the ball is as often going out on the Harlequin left. And then the pathos begins.

It is 11—0 at half-time against the red and black jerseys—with the light getting poor. Still, sensation has often been heaped upon sensation on this ground in the last half of big games. Will it to-day? There is still hope for the man, who has struggled down from Waterloo in a third non-smoker, to get his money's worth. But no. The only gratifying thing he sees in the second half is the spectacle of C. N. Lowe, having given up all hope of being allowed to attack, speeding right across the ground (and what speed!) to defend at the last moment by tackling one Harlequin three-quarter after another just as they are on the point of scoring tries. In parenthesis here let it be recorded that Lowe has twenty-one consecutive English caps to his credit!

Pathos No. 2 is that when you come to see a very close game, filled with hair-raising thrills, you invariably go empty away. Conversely, when you come, anticipating a rout, you very often find yourself gripping the wooden seat beneath you at two minutes to "time" with the score board showing 3 points all.

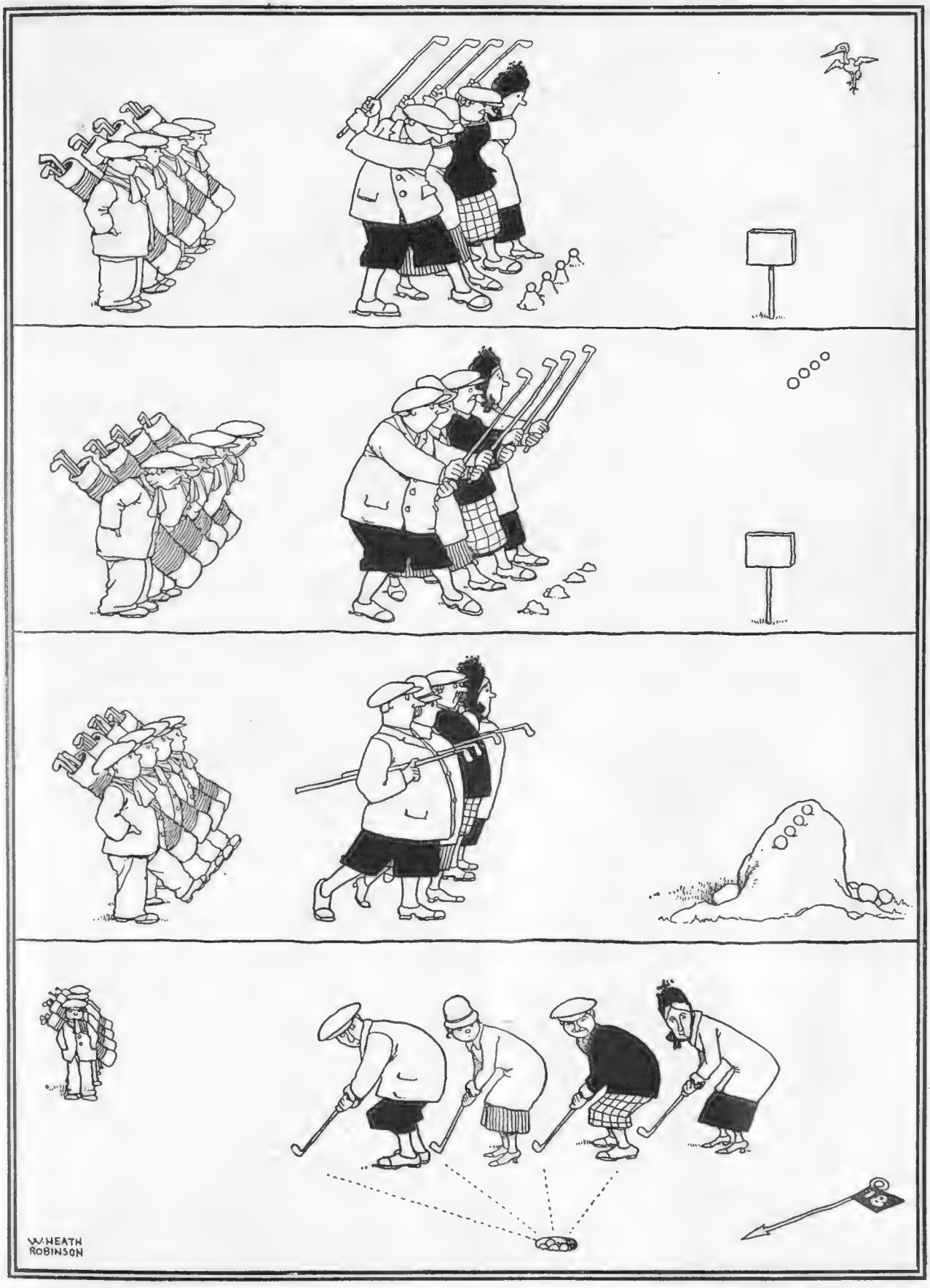
As a man said to me, leaving the stand, "these little things are sent to try us."

Certain little things were unquestionably sent to try Blackheath that day. As, for instance, when a misguided forward of theirs started heeling in his own 25, thus letting a surprised but purposeful Harlequin half trot over the line with the ball, "well in hand," as the tailor says about one's overdue trousers.

Nevertheless, it is exhilarating to see the Harlequin side, their tails well up, perpendicularly so, working as one man: with every movement coming off in the way one dreams, on a Friday night, it should. But it will be interesting to see what happens in their next match on that ground, when the wild men from the North bear down upon them. Men with that nasty habit of packing only seven forwards, thus leaving a nice little hole in the scrum for the ball to trickle through backwards to a lightning scrum half.

I rather fancy the tail may be straightened out a bit then. More towards the horizontal than the perpendicular, shall we say?

Fore!



BY W HEATH ROBINSON

SOME FOURSOME

"Age Cannot Wither"

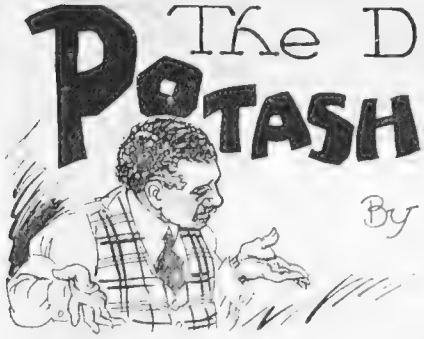
BY WILMOT LUNT

"WISH I WAS A KID AGAIN"

A New Series of Amusing Conversations, Each Complete in Itself

The Discussions of Potash & Perlmutter

By Montague Glass



No. 1.—HAVE WOMEN SOULS AND AMBASSADORS BRAINS?

"I SEE in the papers where Ambassador Harvey made an after-dinner speech in London the other day, where he said that women ain't got no souls," Abe Potash remarked the other morning.

"The chances is that Ambassador Harvey meant it to be a comical after-dinner speech, Abe," Morris said.

Women Competing in Buying, Voting and Murdering

"Then the next time he wants to get funny in an after-dinner speech he should ought to stick to such comical stuff as there was once two Irishmen named Pat and Mike, Mawruss," Abe said, "because people know in advance that such remarks are intended to be funny and will sometimes take a chance and laugh at them even when the laugh ain't there, y'understand, especially when an Ambassador is talking.

"On the other hand, Mawruss, when Ambassador Harvey gets off a speech about ladies having no souls, Mawruss, who is to know that he is not in dead earnest on account of once being disappointed in love."

"It don't make no difference what Mr. Harvey's experience with ladies has been, Abe," Morris declared. "It's too late in the game for either him or anybody else to try to make out that women is inferior to men by claiming that they ain't got no souls.

"Women nowadays is competing with men in practically all fields. In the United States, women is doing fifty per cent. of the buying, twenty per cent. of the murders, forty per cent. of the voting, one-tenth of one per cent. of the flying and practically one hundred per cent. of the stenography and bookkeeping.

"It used to was the law, Abe, that if a woman committed a crime in the presence of her husband on account of her not being able to call her soul her own, he was guilty and she wasn't, because it was presumed that he compelled her to do it, but nowadays if a woman committed a crime in the presence of her husband, the jury wouldn't even blame the husband for not stopping her. They would know that a married man nowadays has a swell chance of stopping his wife from doing anything once she's made up her mind to do it!"

"Women is doing fifty per cent. of the buying, twenty per cent. of the murders, forty per cent of the voting"

If Galli-Curci Married John McCormack

"It must have been a big advantage to women in the old days when the law agreed with Ambassador Harvey that women had no souls," Abe observed.

"Well, they could get away with murder on that basis," Morris continued, "but at the same time it had its disadvantages, too. Up to quite recently when in this country, it was the law that a married woman couldn't call her soul her own to the extent that if she was born and raised in the United States and married a German, she just naturally had her husband's German soul and therefore became a German."

"On that plan, Mawruss, they might just as well figure that if Madame Galli-Curci married John McCormack, she would become a tenor, ain't it?" Abe suggested.

"Well, it ain't so ridiculous as it sounds, because if a soprano marries a tenor, y'understand, while she don't exactly become a tenor also, their voices is bound to be affected by the scraps they will have on account of both of them being singers and not liking the way the other one sings, y'understand," Morris said. "Which it's the same way when to criticise each other's voting, and it is therefore a question to my mind whether or not marriages ain't happier where the husband does the voting and the singing for the family."

He Should Have Made it "Democratic" Women

"But women don't put as much soul into voting as they do into singing, Mawruss," Abe protested. "In fact, if Ambassador Harvey wanted any arguments to show that women ain't got souls, he might even say that one of the reasons why he thought women had no souls was that they voted just the same as men, because the way men vote, y'understand, you would think that the majority of them not only didn't have no souls, but also didn't have no hearts or consciences, Mawruss."

"Ambassador Harvey seemed to use principally the argument that women didn't have no souls because in the Ten Commandments it says a man shall not covet his neighbour's wife, whereas it don't say nothing about a woman coveting her neighbour's husband," Morris said.

"Maybe Moses didn't think it was necessary," Abe remarked, "which whether they have souls or not, Mawruss, most women has got a pretty good idea that

Photograph 'OW'LL THIS DO? *Horace W. Nicholls*

The latest portrait of the oldest inhabitant of the village of Penalt, in Monmouthshire, with a young friend. He is very popular in Penalt society, and, when not hitting the high spots among the mousing fraternity, is frequently to be seen perched in the vicinity of Mrs. England—Grannie England, as Penalt familiarly calls her—at whose call he will forsake the most comfortable of tree tops, and even has been known to leave a light luncheon of mice pie, in order that she may introduce him to some new friend, or just to pass the time of day

their neighbours' husbands don't differ enough from their own husbands to make a swop worth while. Practically one hundred per cent. of husbands make noises over their coffee in the morning like the tail end of a hot bath going down the waste pipe, and also, Mawruss, married women has got enough sense to realise that if their own husbands scatter cigar ashes all around the rug and can't shave in the morning without spraying the mirror over the wash basin with as much shaving soap as they put on their face, y'understand, it's a thousand to one shot that their neighbours' husbands will do the self same thing."

"Still, Abe, granting all you say, Ambassador Harvey should ought to have remembered that he is a Republican Ambassador appointed by a Republican administration, and then he might have won a few votes for his party by claiming that it was Democratic women who didn't have no souls," Morris said.

If a Vaudevillian Talked Like That

"I think myself that whatever Ambassador Harvey said, y'understand, it ain't an argument that women have or have not souls, but just another argument that dinners shouldn't have no after-dinner speakers," Abe declared, "which in my experience, Mawruss, if the worst vaudeville monologist was bad as the best after-dinner speaker, y'understand, he would be out of a job fifty-two weeks in the year."

"That's one of the ideas that I got from Ambassador Harvey's after-dinner speaking, Abe," Morris said. "The other is that a Republican Ambassador should always talk in public as though there was reporters present from a Democratic newspaper."

"And vice versa," Abe concluded.

(Next week Potash and Perlmutter discuss Intercollegiate Football.)

BY JEAN HARDY

LA COMMÈRE

THIS entertainment is called *The Nine O'Clock Revue* because it begins at nine o'clock. I do not see how anyone could fairly ask for a better reason than that. The late hour is for the convenience of people who do not rise from the dinner table till long past eight; but as many people came in late even here it would appear that if the show began as late as midnight there would be members of the audience who would not be able to arrive in their places in time. Two young men, indeed, struggled manfully to their seats while Miss Irene Browne was wrestling tunefully with a graceful song of Persia, and was in need of all the encouragement from the audience that could be given her. Now that we have got a new Government there ought to be a law passed entitling punctual spectators to hit the late birds on the head with a brick or something, by way of teaching them a simple truth which cannot apparently penetrate to their inner consciousness by the ordinary channels.

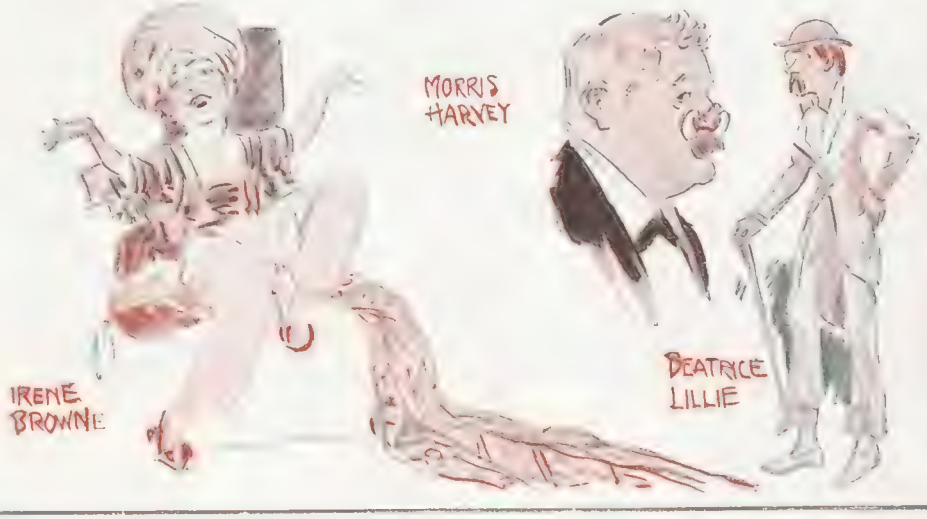
THIS is a revue full of ideas, and its keynote is originality. It is admitted by the management that they are starting half an hour later than the ordinary revue of commerce, and that the balance ought in some way to be restored to prevent the audience from asking for its money back. So by way of "Catching Up" we are given swift impressions of a comic song, a ballet, a sentimental ditty, and other well-known opening features of revue, all in five minutes. After that we start fair, and are giving away weight to no one. You may like the "Rat Poison" incident for a start. There is Liz, for instance, who is keeping house for Bill, and there is Mrs. Critch, who is apparently making a house-to-house visit in the neighbourhood in the futile quest for free beer. (Here is another kindly hint for the new Government, by the way. Not a word!) Mrs. Critch is the widow of a gentleman who was formerly in the rat-killing industry. As far as I can judge, he used to throw the rats on their backs and hold them down while he forced poison down their throats. Mrs. Critch has brought what appears to be a tin of the poison with her, as she thoroughly dislikes rats,

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by* MACMICHAEL
Produced on 25th October, 1922

and will not go about unprovided with a proper antidote. Then Liz and Bill come into the picture again. Liz reminds Bill that he has promised to marry her, apparently for good cause; and as Bill cynically talks of going out with another gal, Liz surreptitiously puts some of the rat poison in his beer. It is, as Mr. Morris Harvey explains, quite a Grand Guignol thrill, except for the fact that it ends in a way that makes the house roar with laughter.

"THE BUDDING STAR" introduces that wonderfully versatile lady, Miss Beatrice Lillie, to the house. The scene is designed to show ladies who aspire to Thespian honours, and who have no money and have never acted before, the precise conditions under which they can negotiate a remunerative theatrical engagement. Miss Twinkle Dell, the aspirant in question, has just settled to act for a salary of three hundred and fifty per, with a stipulation in her agreement that as she is a blonde, the ladies of the chorus must be all brunettes, when everybody wakes up, and the ladies learn the truth. And we know that there are no more earnest seekers after truth than the ladies, else why do they so frequently consult a pocket mirror? The turn called "Proverbs" is quite ingenious, but it is a little handicapped by the medium of its expression. The dialogue consists only of a number of proverbs, one of which answers another, and most of the time the retorts are very suitable and very happy, though now and again they are obviously a little forced.

"THE FLOWERY PRINCESS" offers a useful solution to a problem that has perplexed managers of musical comedies from



One of the Winning Trix—

Photograph *Claude Harris*

—AN ALHAMBRA TRUMP

Miss Josephine Trix, who, with her sister Helen, will assist the cause of the Variety Artistes' Benevolent Institution at the Command Performance before Their Majesties the King and Queen on December 12th at the Hippodrome. London has given a traditionally warm welcome to these two clever people on their return to the Alhambra this week

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

the date of the beginning of such things. Miss Smith has a lovely voice, and you would offer her the leading part, only she can't act, and (a merely technical detail, of course) her legs are not straight. Miss Brown can act well, but is a poor singer; while Miss Jones, who can neither act nor sing, dances gracefully, and has a really symmetrical understanding.

THE only thing to be done, therefore, is to put Miss Brown on the scene to act the preliminaries, substitute for her the tuneful Miss Smith, who will sing with her usual high quality, and at once give place to Miss Jones who will do the leggy bits. "The Flowery Princess" is a miniature musical comedy run on those lines. Miss Beatrice Lillie is the clever actress, Miss Irene Browne is the vocalist, and Miss Mimi Crawford dances with distinction. It is a most humorous idea most successfully developed.

MR. BOBBY BLYTHE sings a ditty on the familiar lines, which declare that there is only one girl in the world for each of us, considering the problem, of course, from the point of view of romantic sentiment, and not of simple fact. But Mr. Blythe does not have any luck in his pursuit of the isolated case. There is only one girl in the world for him—but he has never met her and does not expect to do so, either.

THIS leads up to a playlet which shows that in real life there is more than one girl for some chaps, and more than one chap for some girls. The dialogue is at first monopolised by Charles and Mabel, who have decided to leave off being married to each other, and to have a change of partners. The playlet is called, "The Square Triangle," and I should think our dear old friend Euclid would have had to spend quite an afternoon working out his diagram for the problem, or theorem, as the case may be. Mabel is in love with a nice young man, and Charles knows a little girl who would, he feels sure, make him a good wife as soon as he can get rid of his old one. The tables are turned on the adventurous couple very neatly at the finish. But the charm of the turn is the decision to play the thing in French.

AS Mr. Harvey explains, none of the company knows any French, so that if a foreign word creeps into the dialogue it will be only by an accident, against which the management is doubtless fully insured by its morning paper. Mr. Morris Harvey and Miss Lillie set the ball rolling, and though their energetic remarks are just nonsense, they present an extraordinary imitation of a French conversation. The fun is continued by Mr. Tripp Edgar and Miss Irene Browne, and the whole turn is a really happy and clever piece of nonsense.

MISS BEATRICE LILLIE, who is blessed with a very welcome sense of humour, has a duet with Mr. Bobby Blythe, which is a delightful absurdity. It is called "A Little Flat," and that part of it which relates to the housing question is emphasised by a laughable little scene that speaks for itself. Miss Lillie and Mr. Morris Harvey are, of course, the leading lights of the production, the former being very successful with a nonsensical ditty, "William the Conk," and the latter with his hilarious "Interruption." *The Nine O'Clock Revue* is a most joyous entertainment, and should be to the taste of the Town. JINGLE

THE CURE

THERE lived a woman whose husband used to beat her every night. Being a woman of some spirit she did not suffer this in silence. First she went to the clergyman about it, and he very properly said he would forbid the man to come to church until he amended his ways.

Then she went to his employer, and he at once offered to punish the ruffian by reducing his wages. After that she tried the policeman, and he assured her that, sufficient evidence being forthcoming, it would be easy to send the man "inside" for three months.

But the poor woman felt that, in one way or another, there was a disadvantage to herself in all the remedies suggested.

Finally, in sheer desperation, she consulted the doctor.

Now this physician was a man of much wisdom but few words, and long before her tale of woe had run its undulating course he had a bottle of medicine ready. When at last a pause for breath enabled him to cut in, he thrust the bottle into her hands.

"This," he said, grimly, "will keep the rascal quiet."

Eagerly she read the label—"One tablespoonful to be taken and retained in the mouth while the paroxysm lasts."

Her face clouded and she shook her head.

"He would never take it," she said. "Besides, you see, I——"

"You misunderstand," the doctor cut in. "This is a peculiar drug. It is you who take it: it is he who experiences the effect."

"Indeed," said she, brightening again—"quite a new thing, is it? Whatever will they be discovering next! Looks as clear as water, too. I remember when——"

"It has every property possessed by water," replied the doctor, "and not one that water is without. The great remedies are always simple things."

"Well," she said, "I'll try it to-night. But if——"

"Do," said the doctor, "you'll find it never fails."

And it never did. J. A. F.

AS YOU WEAR By Stan Terry

Artist in Men's Wear: "These pyjamas are good stuff, you'll never wear them out!"
"The Discerning Man": "No—they *are* rather loud for street wear!"

YULE-TIED By Stan Terry

"Excuse my appearance, old man, and this—er—cigar, but I'm just teaching my family a lesson by putting on all my Christmas presents at once!"

THE Feltham police-court witness who swore recently "to tell the truth, the royal truth, and nothing like the truth" is believed to have been indulging in a sly dig at the ex-Kaiser.

* * *

"I don't know where I am."—Miss "Bubbles" Leahy, the embryo film-star. We take it she has received Mr. Bonar Law's permission to reproduce this copyright slogan?

* * *

THERE are very few women who can understand why, if they want a thing, they shouldn't have it.

* * *

WHAT every woman wants to know: Just what the other woman thinks.

* * *

BEFORE marriage a girl speaks to her lover with her eyes; afterwards her tongue suffices.

* * *

MANY a man thinks he can read a woman like a book till he tries to shut her up.

* * *

FAITH is what we expect others to have in us.

* * *

A LIE in time saves the truth.

STRIKING!

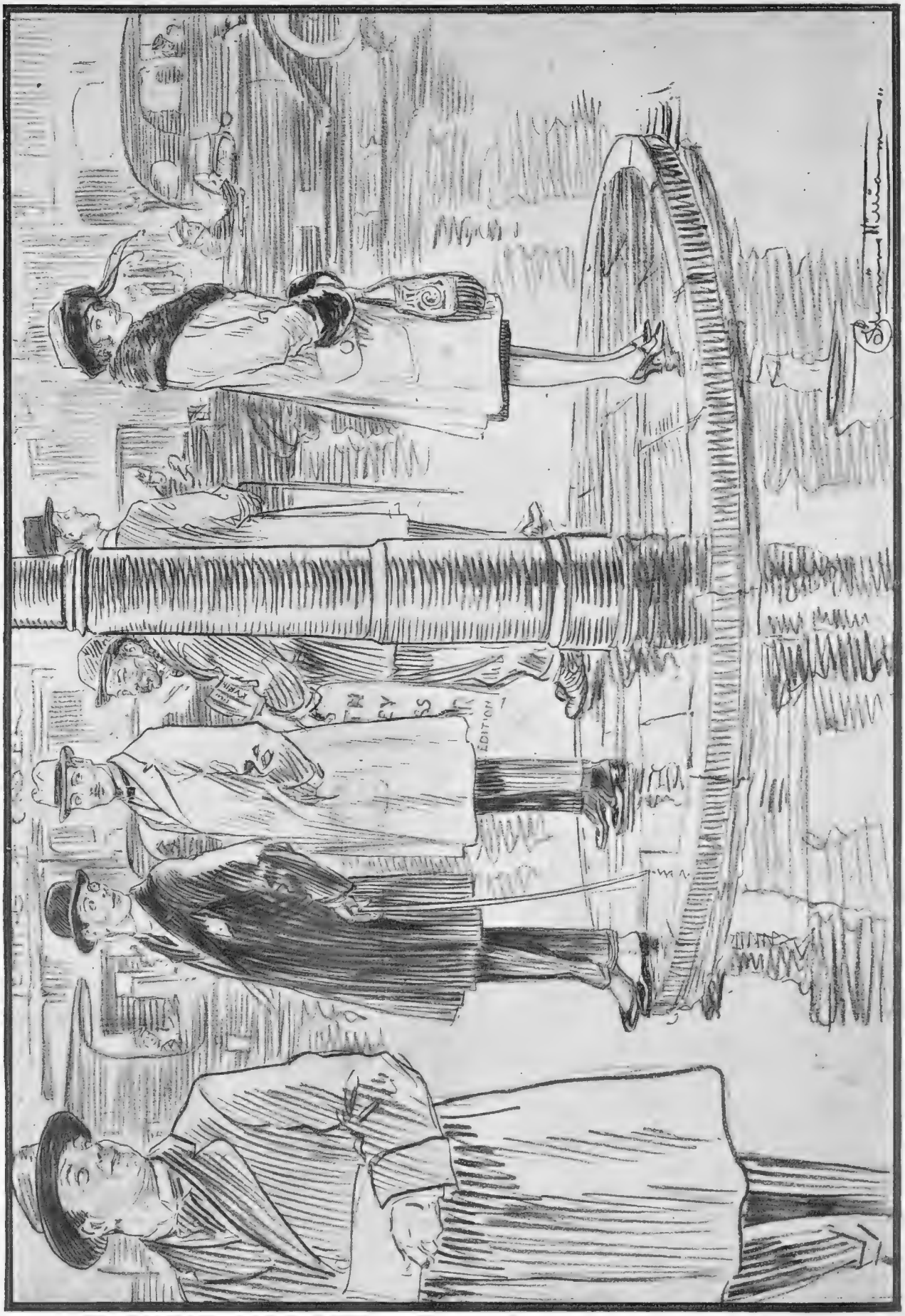
By Owen Ayes

First Eminent Counsel (*suffering from brain fag*): "I wish I lived in Sweden; divorces are practically unknown there"
Second Ditto: "Perfectly natural, my dear fellow—the land of safety matches, what?"

FLEET STREET FOILED

By Stan Terry

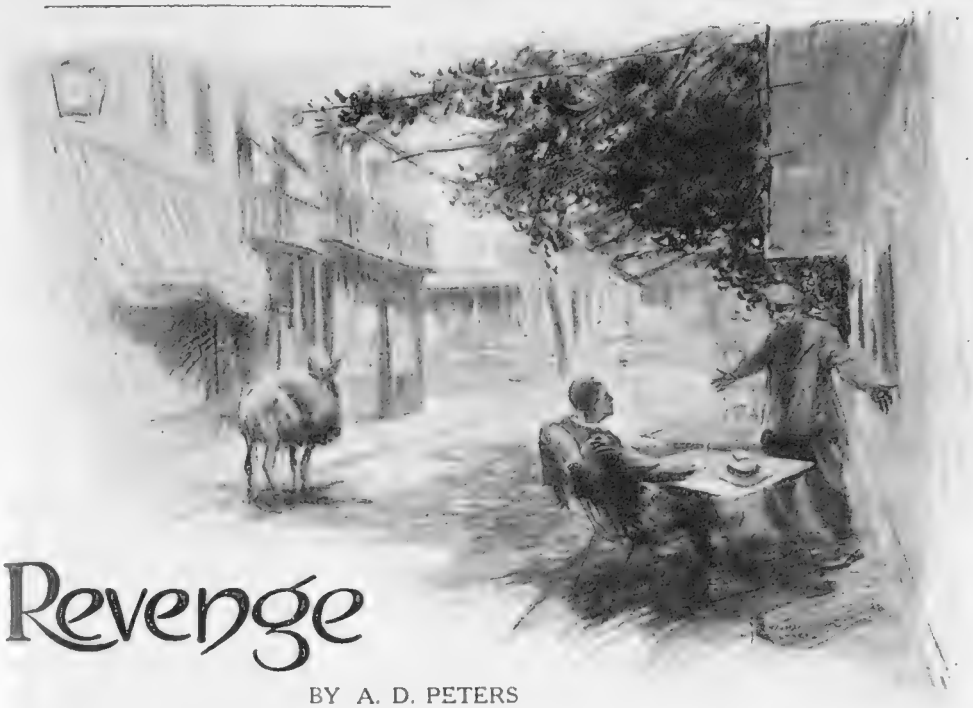
Very Provincial Visitor (*in West-end restaurant*): "Er, waiter, bring me the local paper, please!"



A BROADCASTING STATION

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY



Revenge

BY A. D. PETERS

I WALKED out of the Casino, having lost a great deal more money than I could afford, and paused on the terrace to look down at the wonderful bay of Monaco. Its waters were tinged by the first orange rays of the dawn. The contrast between the peace and beauty of the scene and the turbulent sordidness of the rooms I had just left affected me strangely, begetting in me an overwhelming desire for solitude. I wanted to escape, if only for a few days, from every person and every place that I knew. I had, as I said, been losing heavily. Those who know what that feels like will understand my mood. Two hours later I was in the train, a small knapsack on my back, a ticket to Genoa in my pocket. I had, however, no intention of going as far as Genoa. Somewhere along this coast, which was strange to me, I hoped to find a place free from tourists, where I might get down and walk away from the sea towards the mountains without fear of falling in with any people of my own kind. And so I let Bordighera and San Remo slip by. The train puffed its way fussily onwards, long tunnels alternating with blue sea on the one side and mountainous grey rock on the other. At Alassio I came near to descending, but a notice in English along the platform about tennis courts made me keep my seat. But Albenga, the next town, seemed just the sort of place I was looking for. It lay in a valley as flat as my hand, on the banks of a wide river bed, and there was no sign of an hotel or of any sort of life. Behind the sleepy town a white road stretched inland towards the distant peaks of the Italian Alps.

Soon I was walking along it, and an hour's walk brought me to an old walled town which must have been a stronghold of the Middle Ages, but was now nearly deserted. It was the kind of place which was sure to attract tourists from any coast resort within reach, and after a brief rest at the inn I went on my way again, confident that now at last I had got beyond the foreign fringe of Italy and was walking into the heart of the peasant country, which remains unchanged from century to century. The olive covered hills on either side began to close in upon me as I advanced, and wide fields of corn and artichokes gave way to little vineyards on the slopes. Soon the valley narrowed to a gorge which opened out into another valley behind the first range of hills. The sun was by now high in the heavens, and I was glad to come upon a little way-side inn, beyond which were clustered a few yellow houses around a pale blue church. I felt very much a stranger in a strange land as I entered and sat down at a wooden table. A man clad in a rough shirt and shapeless black trousers, like all the peasants I had seen along the road, came to ask me what I wanted.

(All rights strictly reserved)

Upon seeing my face he gave such a start of surprise that I was moved to look at him closely. His astonishment seemed out of all proportion, even allowing for the fact that strangers were rare in his village. I could have sworn that his expression told of actual recognition, and it seemed to me that I had seen him somewhere before, too. We must have stared at each other steadily for some seconds before I gave him my order in Italian for bread and cheese and wine. He went away to fetch it without another word. I racked my memory without avail until he returned. Then suddenly an old association, suggested no doubt by the fact that he was bringing me food, came back to me. All at once I remembered him. I said to him, in English,

"Thank you. This is a change from the Regency Restaurant, isn't it?"

He stopped in the very act of setting a bottle of wine on the table, and stood staring at me, motionless as a statue. One would have said that he was paralysed with fear.

"You . . . you know me, sir?" he replied, in a whisper.

I was at a loss to understand his terror.

"Why, of course I remember you. You used to wait on me often."

"And you have come to find me?"

It sounded more like a statement than a question the way he said it.

"To find you?" I echoed. "What for?"

His piercing black eyes gazed deep into mine.

"You are not of the police?"

I laughed aloud.

"Not I."

"But you will tell for certain when you go back . . ."

"Tell! Tell whom? Tell what?"

He saw then that I had not the faintest idea what he was talking

about. The stiffness of his body relaxed at last, and he placed the bottle of wine on the table.

"Nothing, sir," he answered with a feeble smile which would not have deceived a child. "Nothing."

He could hardly suppose that my curiosity would allow the matter to be dismissed so casually as all that.

"The English police, then, would be interested to hear of your present address?" I asked.

His voice changed from a frightened to a pleading tone.

"Oh, sir," he said, "why should they? Car? I do them no harm. I do no one harm. And I am happy here."

"But you are, to use a popular expression, wanted." I paused, but he made no reply. "A thief, I suppose," I added.

He felt the scorn in my voice and resented it with his whole being.

"A thief! I!" he cried. "Never. I never steal a penny from no one. I never even give wrong change to a customer what have drunk too much. I, a thief!"

This was no acting. I knew that what he said was true.

"Then what was your crime?"

"No crime at all," he replied, quickly. "If you know all, perhaps you think so, too."

"'*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*,' the French say."

"Ah, the French!" he exclaimed, with a wealth of meaning. "But you are English."

"True," I answered. "But in England we have a saying that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Have you ever heard it?"

"No, sir. But I can believe it. You know a little now, and you will talk. Perhaps if I tell all you will say nothing."

I motioned to him to sit down, and poured him out a glass of wine. He hesitated still.

"I put my life in your hands," he said, earnestly.

"I am not your judge," I answered, hoping to restrain him from further melodramatic announcements of that kind. "And I usually mind my own business. But I must confess that I am inquisitive."

He was not slow of understanding, and with a fatalistic shrug of his shoulders he sat down.

"It begin," he said, slowly, "with a woman. Do not all things begin that way? Her name is Bianca, and never, I think, have lived an Italian girl who suit that name so well as she. Her skin is as white as an English girl, and her hair pure gold, more golden than the hair of the English. She is born in a little village near Milano, and her father bring her to England when she is still a child, like my father bring me. There in the mud and rain of Soho I play with her and grow up with her, until I am old enough to love her. Then I go to work. I learn the waiting. By and by I get a job at the Regency, where you see me, and I begin to make good money. Bianca have grow up, and she love me, too. We want to marry, but we have not yet enough money. I save and save, and in a year we hope we shall be married.

"Then one day Bianca come to me and say she have an idea. Why, she say, shall she not work and make money, also? I am very pleased and I speak to the manager at the Regency. He see her, and because she is beautiful he engage her as a waitress to serve coffee in the lounge. We are very happy, she and I. We think we get married soon. Still I save. I never spend a penny."

He broke off and stared thoughtfully at the glass which he was twisting round in his fingers.

"I see now," he went on, "where I make the mistake. I save too much. A woman want little presents and amusement sometimes. Perhaps she not know herself that she want them. But other men know. Soon a man come and begin to win Bianca's love from me. He give her things; he speak flattery to her. I, who work all the day in the restaurant, do not see. But Gardoni. . . ."

"Gardoni!" I exclaimed.

"You remember him, then?"

"The manager at the Regency. Of course. Why, I . . ."

"He is the man. I tell you all. Afterwards you speak. Yes?"

"Go on," I said.

"Gardoni go where he like. He make love to Bianca. When it is too late I notice that she have changed. Then she tell me that she love Gardoni and that he say he want to marry her. What can I do? She do not listen to my prayers. I tell her that I have hear bad stories about Gardoni. She get very angry. I get angry, too, and that is the end. She say she will never speak to me again. Then I tell Gardoni what I think, and, of course, I get the sack. I am glad. I find another job, and I go away from home because I cannot bear to be near anyone who know about Bianca.

"One day I hear by chance that Bianca have left her home also, and no one know where she is gone. I remember the stories I hear about Gardoni. I say nothing, but I go to the Regency that night and I wait until he come out. Then I follow him. He take the train and walk afterwards a long way, until he come to a little house in a little street. I look at the name and I go away. Next day I go back and wait outside the little house. At last someone come out. It is Bianca. When she see me she look frightened and turn back to go in again, but I am quick and I go in behind her. She shut the door quietly, and we stand and look at each other. She say nothing, but in her eyes I read the truth."

He paused, and I could feel that the poignancy of that memory had not been dulled by time. He conquered it, making an impetuous sweep with his arm as if to thrust it away from him, and continued more calmly,

"Those few months have made a great change in her. She look different. I cannot tell you how. Her beauty is the same, but the expression of her face is hard, and it make me shudder. I read in it that she know all that is bad in men, and that she have learnt, too, to make use of it. She will not listen to what I say. She will not come away with me. She do not want to see me any more. She tell me without shame that she is not married, and she do not want to be married. She even say she is happy. I remember I think then that Gardoni will not keep her for himself long. He is like a man who work hard to push a big stone to the edge of a cliff; when it begin to fall it go too fast for him and very soon it disappear in the blackness. Is it not true?"

I nodded, but did not speak.

"You must not think I lose my mind and become mad, so that I know not what I do. I leave Bianca quietly, and I take time and think quietly how to act. I make up my mind to kill Gardoni."

Continued on page 792

Photograph] FOLLIES AND FURBELOWS *[Stage Photo Co.*

In Jack Hylton's new edition of the "Queen's" Roof Cabaret Follies. Miss Flora Lea, of the Ziegfried Follies, and four charming wearers of striking costumes — by kind permission of the L.C.C.

DANCING TIME — TO DIFFERENT TUNES

Photographs *Vaughan and Freeman*

MISS ZELIA RAYE MADAME SOKOLOVA

Miss Zelia Raye, who is principal dancer in "The Island King," *the* riotous feast of mirth and merriment at the Adelphi, where W. H. Berry pursues the more or less uneven tenour of his inimitable way before crowded stalls, et cetera. Madame Sokolova recently appeared with those fairy dancers, Lydia Lopokova and Ninette de Valois in "The Masquerade," which was set to Mozart's "Serenade in G," at the Coliseum

"*REVENGE*" (*concluded*)

"What!" I cried, unable to check myself.

"I make up my mind to kill him," he repeated, calmly. "It is only just, yes? The police and the law, they can do nothing. They are no use. If a man steal from you a shilling he is put in prison. If he steal your life, he hang. But if he steal innocence and beauty and kill a soul, then the law leave him alone. Is it not so?"

I was silent.

"I wait, and I make my plans. I watch him. I find out that he always leave the little house before morning, for he have a wife at home. I know that when it is done people will know that it was I who did it, and so I am careful to arrange everything. Then one night when all is ready I go to the little house and stand in the shadow of the wall. I wait a long time, perhaps two hours, perhaps three. At last I hear the door open. I hear, but I do not see, for he have made no light in the hall. Quietly the door shut behind him, and he slink out like a thief. He pass me, nearly touching me, but it is so dark that we see nothing. I lift my dagger and stab him in the back. It is right that he should die from a stab in the back. He fall without a sound, and I leave him there, lying in the long, untidy grass under the black trees. In the morning they will find him there in front of her house, and all the world will know why he die.

"I walk away. No one have see me. By the time dawn break over London I am standing on the deck of a little ship which glide down the yellow waters of the Thames to the sea. The captain is my cousin. He bring me to Genoa and help me to pass the stupid police. He think perhaps they know and will look for me. Then I come here, where my father come from. Here I am safe. I live here more than a year now."

"Don't the people here know, then?" I asked.

"Of course they know. But what do they care what I do in England? If I steal or kill here surely the police will come. But I am a good citizen. Why should they trouble me?"

"But does not your own conscience trouble you?" I asked, true to our racial instinct for pointing a moral lesson whenever opportunity arises. "How can you possibly be happy with a murder on your mind?"

"It does not trouble me," he said, calmly. "The man deserved to die. I am happy."

"But you would have been just as happy if you had left him to live—if you had turned your back on England and come here to forget."

"What?" he cried, excitedly. "You think I can be happy or rest for one moment if I know that he is still alive? Ah, you do not understand, you Englishmen. It is only because he is dead that I am content. The world is not big enough to hold us two. How can I breathe if I know that he, who do me and her so much wrong, live also? Revenge, you English say, is sweet. We say it is more; it is necessary. Without it I could not live."

Until that moment I had been undecided what to do or to say, but now it seemed to me that silence was the only course I could follow. It would have been sheer cruelty to tell this man the truth. Whether Gardoni bore a knife wound in his back, or whether some wretched unknown had suffered death in his stead, I did not know. But I knew that Gardoni was alive and well, for I had spoken to him at the Regency only a week before. A. D. PETERS

PANTOMAMMIES By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

Can any reader tell us whether this is Jack of the Beanstalk and his Mother, Aladdin and his Mother, Robinson Crusoe and his Mother, or Prince Charming and Cinderella's Mother?

PEOPLE hate to get a reputation for being what they really are.

* * *

THE only difference between a grass-widow and a real one is that the first is in clover and the other in weeds.

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

A New Conversational Competition

THESE two Bateman drawings are the last of a series of six, two of which appeared in the "Bystander Annual"—you have it by you, of course—and two in our issue of December 6th, and to which we ask you to give us some conversational title. Here you have the last pair, equally Bateman-ish, equally amusing, but again—

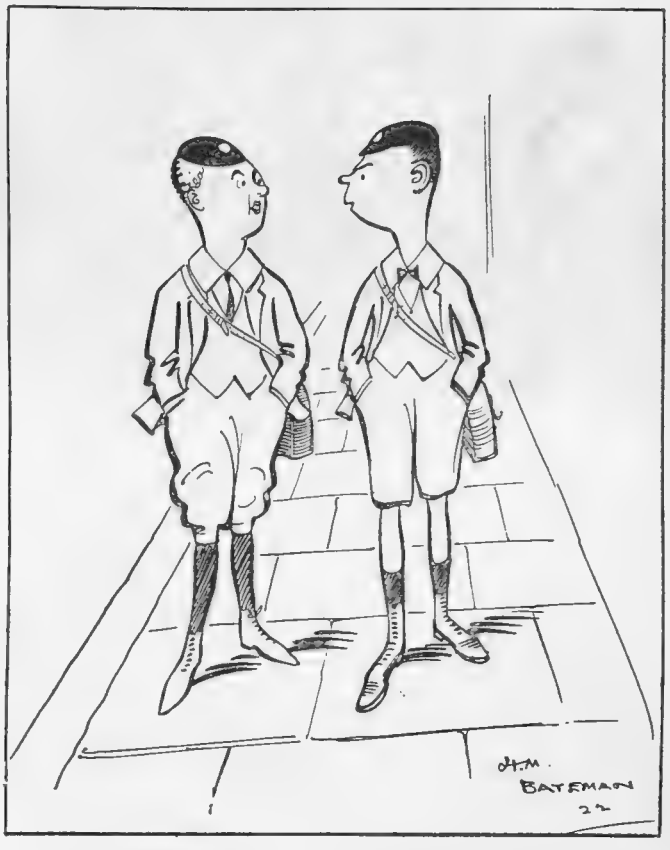
WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

Precisely.

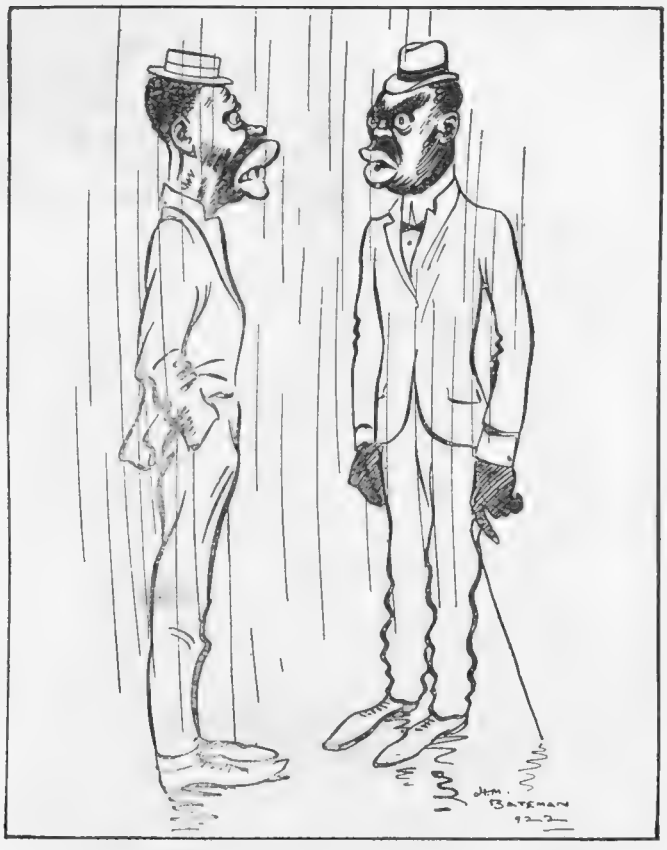
In the "Bystander Annual" and in our December 6th issue we asked you to write some snappy little conversational title to each. For instance, the two boys might be discussing exam. papers.

"I say, Peter, what d'you put for the masculine of goose?"

"Pooh, that's very easy—Mongoose, of course."



CONVERSATION NO. 5: THE SCHOOLBOYS



CONVERSATION NO. 6: THE NIGGERS

You will, of course, think of something much cleverer both for the schoolbo s and the niggers. Send it to us.

Including these, the two published in the "Bystander Annual," and those in last week's number (December 6), six have been published, this completing the set of six. A prize of Three Guineas is offered for the best title to each individual drawing, and for the best complete set of six titles an additional prize of Ten Guineas.

The Editor's decision is final.

The closing date for the Competition is January 31, 1923. Full particulars will be found on the coupon on page vi, which must be detached and forwarded to "The Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Graphic Buildings, E.C.4." Each envelope to be marked "Competition."

OXFORD UNIVERSITY TRIAL EIGHTS AT MOULSFORD

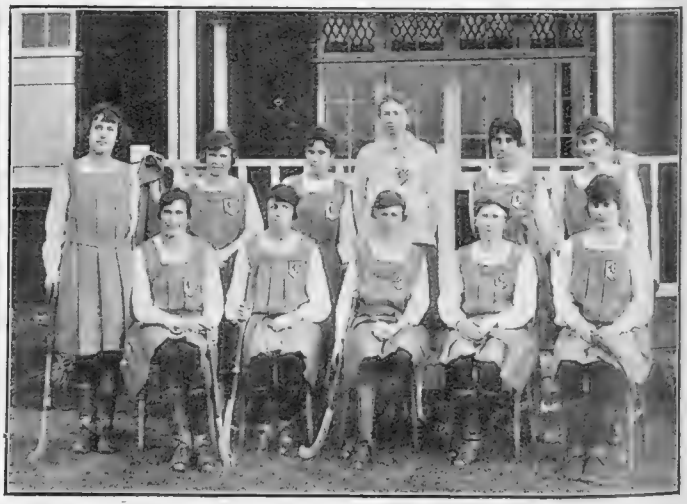
A group of the two competing crews, together with a number of distinguished old Blues who came to watch the race

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY TRIAL EIGHTS

The two crews at the finish of a hard race over the Adelaide Course at Ely. The winning crew (on the right) were stroked by H. W. Shuker (Lady Margaret) who also stroked the winning trial eight last year

W. R. SEAGROVE (Cambridge, right)

And B. Ives, who were first and second respectively in the Middlesex Cross-Country Championship



Photographs *Sport and General and I.B.*

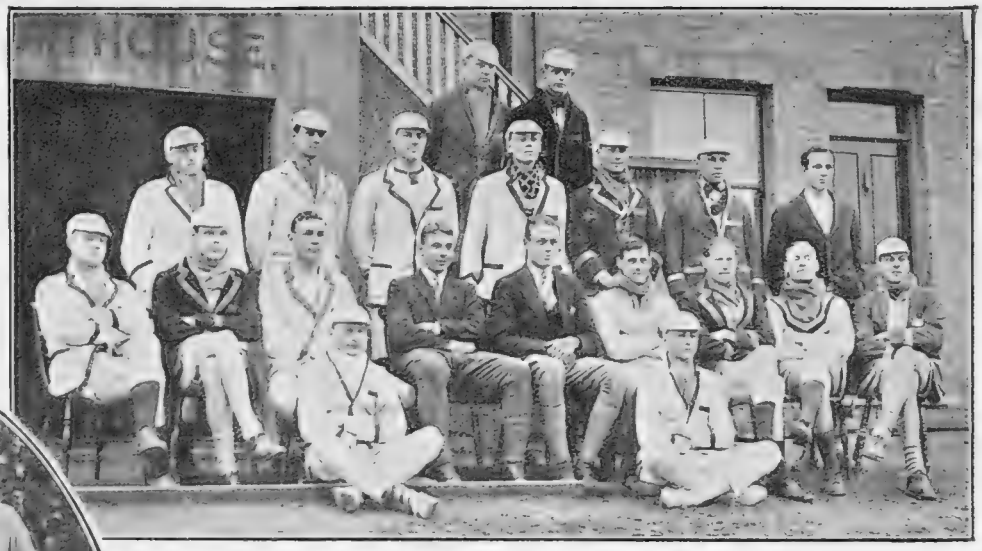
THE MIDDLESEX LADIES' HOCKEY TEAM

THE SURREY LADIES' HOCKEY TEAM

Who met last Wednesday in the Old Deer Park at Richmond when Surrey won, after a good game, by 5 goals to 3. The Surrey goals were all hit before Middlesex (who were not at full strength) scored. Middlesex rallied when it was too late, and more than held their own in the last 15 minutes

SPORT *of the* WEEK

As Seen by the Camera



A GROUP OF THE TWO CREWS

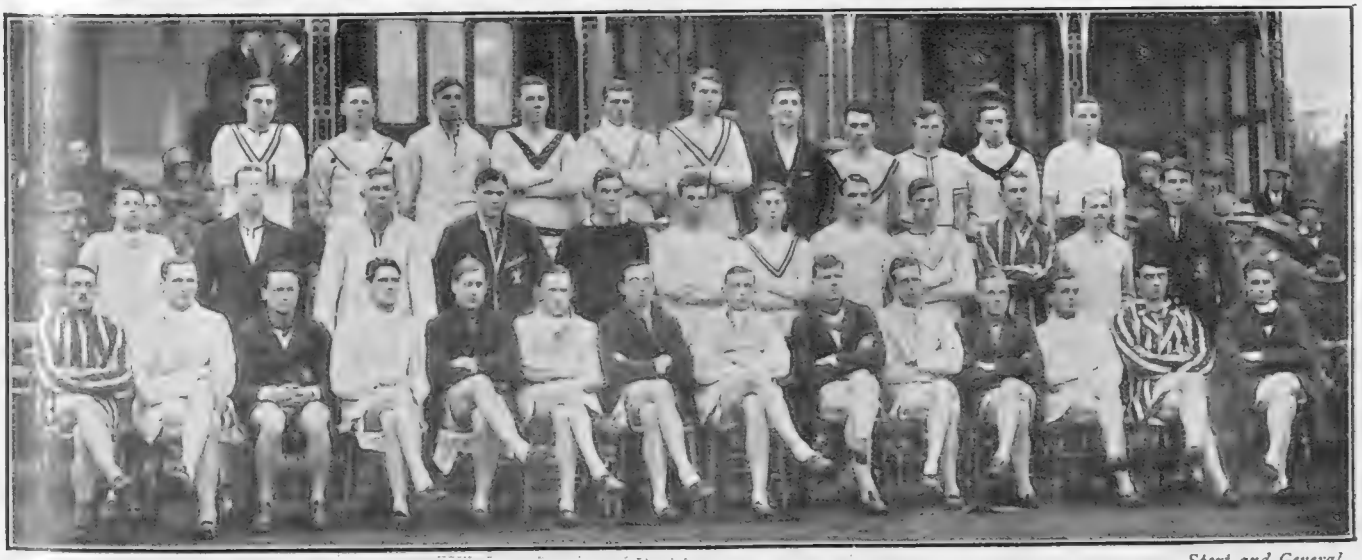
Who took part in the Cambridge University Trial Eights at Ely. A picture of the finish of the race is given on the opposite page

AT ROEHAMPTON

Miss Cecil Leitch with four of the Ladies' Medical C.S., who beat the United Services Ladies on Wednesday by 4 matches to 3. L. to R. (back): Mrs. Granger Harrison, Mrs. Hetherington; (front): Miss M. Gourlay, Miss Leitch, Lady Cruise

WINNERS OF THE PEARSON TROPHY COMPETITION

The Oxhey Team who beat Woking in the final over the Hendon Course on the Tuesday of last week by six matches to one. Left to right (standing): Mrs. Stoy, Mrs. Westerberg, Mrs. Leonard. Mrs. Wynne-Evans; (seated): Mrs. Hewetson, Mrs. Watts-Eden, Lady Briscoe



Photographs *Sport and General*

A COMBINED GROUP OF COMPETITORS

In the 'Varsity Relay Races which were held this year at Cambridge. Oxford won, somewhat contrary to expectation, by the odd event in five. They won the hurdles, the half-mile and the mile, whilst Cambridge took the two miles and the four miles

The Game That is Not "Rugger." By H. S. S.

I am beginning to get just a a little fed up with the game that is not "Rugger." I have seen just a little too much of it lately for the good of my health, and I am wondering how much longer the people who do not play "Rugger" against the people who play it are going to have their own way to such a ludicrous, if not positively alarming, extent. When the reconstruction of Rugby football began after the War, I was among those who fondly hoped that the fresh start would also mean the beginning of a new era of clean and honest football; that we should hear no more (as in the old days) of teams from this part of the country being addicted to unnecessarily rough play, of teams from that part of the country being persistent infringers of the off-side rule, and so on.

Apparently, I was a visionary. The old evil practices are still rife; the percentage of football which is not Rugby football, as compared with the football that is, is just as high as it ever was. Indeed, with the added interest taken in the game, and the importance attached to records and reputations, it is on the whole higher. What, then, about the clean and honest footballers, who, after all, are (thank Heaven!) in the majority? What is their method of procedure when they find themselves up against players who are deliberately guilty of foul play or cheating? They may be divided, I think, into two classes. The first-class indulge in reprisals—for which they can hardly be blamed—but, unfortunately, this takes us still further away from the real Rugby game; the second-class lie low and say nothing—the "Rugger" man's loyalty to and regard for the good name of his game are quite wonderful—but it does not always end here. Some (though they don't tell everybody so) are driven in time from the game in sheer disgust. I have known men keen as mustard and fit as fiddles to give up the game in their prime simply because it was not good enough to be "taken on" so frequently by teams who don't play the game. And here, again, who is going to blame them? What man in the world is capable of really enjoying any game when he knows that the other side is cheating?

The other day I happened to say in the presence of a few "Rugger" friends that a famous team of bye-gone days played about the foulest football that I had ever seen. "Oh! yes, my dear man," replied one of the party, "but just look what a fine side they were!" Now doesn't this strike you as really funny? Is the man who cheats at cards a duffer? Of course, he isn't; he's an expert. Is it likely that I shall try to pick the lock of a safe in some jeweller's shop with a six-penny screwdriver bought at a Whirlworth's bazaar? Crime is merely futile unless it is perpetrated by an artist. The people who cheat at Rugby football are those who are skilful enough to make cheating worth their while, but their skill does not entitle them to absolution.

One thing is quite certain and that is that the referee and his whistle are never going to do any permanent good so long as the laws remain in their present state. As an example of what I mean, the recent edict against more than three in the front row of the scrummage has merely given the referee one thing more to whistle about. And he will go on whistling vigorously, but quite inadequately, until the end of time as long as "play to the whistle" is understood to mean "play the dirty until the whistle finds you out." It seems to me that there is nothing else for it but to invest the referee with powers which will enable him to make offenders really squeal whenever they lay themselves open to have their tails twisted. The risk involved in cheating must be made too great to be worth while. H.S.S.

Photograph AT THE BICESTER HUNT *Topical*

The Hon. John Charles Cavendish, son of Lord Chesham, the Bicester's new M.F.H., who, despite his six winters, is an ardent follower to hounds

For Amateur Golfers

To celebrate the re-opening of the West Byfleet Golf Club, an open amateur meeting is being held on Saturday, December 16, on the Club's excellent course, when all men amateurs are eligible to compete for the President's Cup, presented by Mr. F. C. Stoop, father of the well-known "Rugger" international.

Delight your friends this Christmas

I AM ONLY A BOTTLE, but I understand men. I know what they talk of; I know their whims and ways; I know their desires. I can give sound advice to anyone in doubt as to what to give at Christmas time. I hear the best men say that they mean to have Haig & Haig on the table. Surprise your friends by sending a case of Haig & Haig Scots Whisky to them this Christmas.

Remember I am only a bottle, but a friendly one. Everywhere I go there goes good fellowship and kindliness.

Christmas Gift

The gift season is here. Delight your friends by sending me along to them. They will be better friends than ever. Make your plans early—for I am scarce.

If you have difficulty in obtaining, send direct to Haig & Haig, who will pass your order to the nearest agent.

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Haig & Haig
A LITTLE AND GOOD
MOTTO

SHOCKS IN FROCKS AND MUSIC

BY "ROLAND."

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"'Monsieur' has flung a champagne bottle at the head of the chef d'orchestre"

MES AMIS—

PERHAPS is it that it shall leave you quite cold. Certain it is that I should not have been imbued with the least warmth of excitement over the matter, should it not have been that a Minister of the Cabinet had exercised the intervention.

EH bien, now that we have the grave question thus portentously placed before us, can *you* see what may be the objection to dance a tango to the *Marche Funèbre* of Chopin? One could not declare the tango to be frivolous? Surely the tango is a rite of the most ceremonial and solemn! And then, again, the strained and sad expressions upon the faces of the executants! Not ever could they be accused to be engaged in the ribaldry.

THUS could the *Marche Funèbre* have been greeted as the perfect accompaniment to a dance which has all the gloom of the funereal and not any of the *allure* of the giddy, or even the gay. But the considerate *chefs d'orchestre* who have thought to adapt the gravity of orchestration to the solemnity of procession have had the most unkind reception from the Society of Authors and the Composers.

THE Society of the Authors and the Composers has been grieved to the innermost element of the sensitiveness. They have frowned with the severest of horror-furrowed brows. They have revealed their dread that the shade of the tormented Chopin might descend on the sacrilegious *dancings* and wreak the dire vengeance on those who had profaned the memory of the master. But their frowns and dread alike had been unheeded.

AND then the Authors and the Composers had the even more awful shock. They have discovered that not only have the dancers, with melancholy

"Wearers who are of the build slim and slender"

mien, solemnly paced the tango to the *Marche Funèbre*, but that, with wreathed smile, they have sauntered the *paso-doble* and hustled the Boston to the *Rêverie* of Schumann and the *Symphonie Héroique* of Beethoven. Even, most ineffable of all, have they bounded the fox-trot to the *Danse Macabre* of Saint-Saëns. This last, one has to allow, is the excess of the licence. There is the room for the disputation about the appropriateness of the *Marche Funèbre* to the tango, but there is none about the association of the *Danse Macabre* with the fox-trot. Unless that there should be an attempt at the irony on the part of the innovator, who may have himself the belief that the fox-trot is a *danse macabre*.

TOUT de suite the Society of the Authors and the Composers have deliberated upon the *scandale*. They have written to all the *directeurs* of the *dancings* to request that, in the future, the creations of the masters shall not any more be transformed into the fox-trots and the shimmies. Also they have rallied to their support the *maîtres de ballet* and the professional dancers. *Par exemple*, Harry Pilcer, the Master of High Jinks, who has declared that it is all the fault of the eccentrics, that it is not at all *drôle*, and that, *il ne faut pas faire cela*.

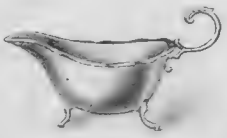
HARRY has revealed that *un monsieur* has made a protest when the band has played the *Marche Funèbre* in the ragtime at a dance-tea at an hotel in the Champs Elysées. He has not mentioned if the "monsieur" has flung a champagne bottle at the head of the *chef d'orchestre*, as one has said. But he has proclaimed that the example of the bold gentleman ought to be imitated. At any case, the Society of the Authors and the Composers have had the satisfaction to gain the influential supporters, for a Minister of the Cabinet has written a letter to say

(*Continued on page 80.*)

"The dames fortes"

CHRISTMAS GIFTS *of* HIGHEST QUALITY *and* BEST VALUE ~ CATALOGUES POST FREE

20116. Prince's Plate Sugar Basket, with Blue Glass Lining and Sifter.
£1 7 6



14224. Prince's Plate Sauce Boat.
½ pint ... £1 6 0
¾ ,, ... 1 10 0

18560. "James I" Tea Service.

	Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.
Tea Pot, 1¼ pints	£4 7 6	£9 0 0
Set complete	£7 10 0	£16 5 0

15452. Prince's Plate Preserve Jar, with Glass Lining and Spoon.
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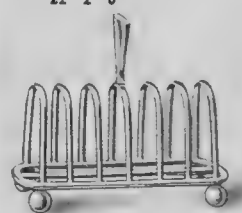
13370. Salvers with Gadroon Mounts.

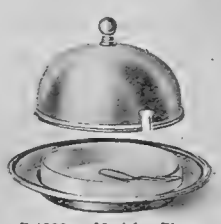
Prince's Plate.			Sterling Silver.		
8in.	£2 2 0	12in.	£3 15 0	8in.	£5 0 0	12in.	£11 15 0
10in.	£2 17 6	14in.	4 15 0	10in.	7 15 0	14in.	16 10 0

14963. English Cut Glass Biscuit Box, with Prince's Plate Mounts. £1 11 6



20147. Prince's Plate Toast Rack.
5 bars 13/6
7 bars 17/6

A 4081. Oak Case containing 6 pairs Mappin Plate Fish Knives and Forks and 1 pair Carvers with "Tusca" (Regd.) Handles ... £5 12 6
6 pairs Fish Knives and Forks in Leather Case ... £3 17 6



P 4859. Mappin Plate Butter Dish, with Knife.
£1 2 6

P 4796. Cut Glass Salad Bowl with Mappin Plate Mounts £1 10 0
A 3497. Servers 0 14 0

20076. Mappin Plate Entree Dish, with Bead Mount.
11 in. long £4 15 0

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LONDON.

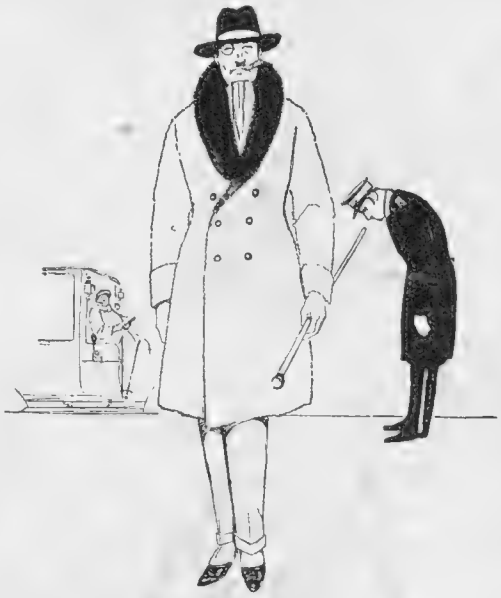
"SHOCKS IN FROCKS AND MUSIC" (*concluded*).

that he does approve entirely of the action which they have taken.

THUS is there the possibility that the jazz-bands under the such pressure will cease to draw upon the source of the dead and gone writers of the mournful music, which to them had the greater merit to be free—and, therefore, cheap. And in this case they may have to employ the music of the Society of the Authors and the Composers, so that it shall not be an ill-wind which has not blown the good to *personne, n'est-ce pas ?*

BUT perhaps you shall be very shocked yourselves at the thought of the bands which have played the *Marche Funèbre* as the accompaniment to the tango. In the which case you may have the sympathy with the Society of the A. and C.

I CAN tell you, however, that Marcel has been the much more shocked at the trend of the gowns to become ever more and more *collant*. As an artist who does take these matters most deeply to the heart, there is the occasion to be grieved. There is not the material for the concern over the wearers of the frocks *collant* who are of the build slim and slender, but there is the occasion for the deep distress about the *dames fortes* who have the audacity to wear the robes which are so tight as to become the almost transparent envelopes. It is the serious question whether any artist can survive the such spectacle.



"The habit to enter with patrician gait"

AND we have both had the shock also about a new and rather haughty acquaintance, who has imposed upon our credulity. When we have said frequently, in the magnificence of our temporary possession of a taxi, "Where shall we drop you ?" and he has replied, "At the Ritz," we have been duly impressed—and, also, hopeful. We have thought there could surely be the chance to borrow an odd thousand francs in the hour of need from a friend who is able to afford to live at the Ritz.

AND now we have found that he has been in the habit to enter with patrician gait at the palatial portals of the Ritz and then to walk right through to the narrow street at the back, in which his own little hotel really is! ROLAND

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain

Mascots

COMMERCE AND ARTISTRY.

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE psychologist, anxious to discover the secret of commercial success allied to artistry, is here presented with a simple solution.

The artistry of the House of Pope & Bradley is evidenced by the production of the best clothes in the world. A prohibitive price might easily be charged and obtained from the plutocratic few. But, by supplying these clothes on a margin of profit so modest that the price is within the reach of a very considerable section of the community, a great following has been established. That is why the House of Pope & Bradley to-day possesses the largest and most influential connection in the West End of London.

Conversely, it is amusing to glance at the methods of the lower orders of clothes producers. With specious baits they dangle the lure of cheapness as the sole attraction. Cheap clothes represent the falsest of all economies. Their life is not only short, it is exceedingly unpleasant and obviously ungay. The astonishing fact, however, is that these shoddy productions, cheap as they may appear, are sold at a far higher percentage of profit than that obtained by the exclusive West-End tailor. There are thousands of second-grade tailors vending second-grade wares all over London and the provinces. Despite the high rate of profit they make on their rubbish these tailors do not make fortunes; their poor deluded customers never return to them; but wander from shop to shop, searching for the comic ideal of the creaseless and lifeless dummy of their stereotyped fashion plates, or the headless sawdust figure, in the attitude of impotence, under the relentless artificial light of aggressive plate-glass.

It is utterly impossible to produce really good clothes under the prices charged by this House. The net profit is under ten per cent. That is a commercial argument, but the artistry is a gift. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s.

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—as the Ideal Christmas Gift.

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CONSTRUCTED of Mahogany or Oak throughout and polished; the exterior may be finished Mahogany, Walnut or Jacobean Oak, and will harmonise with any decorative scheme.

Size 4 ft. 4 in. x 5 ft. 9 in. x 1 ft. 7 in.

Accommodation is provided and named for :—

12 Suits	12 pairs of Pants	12 Undervests
36 Handkerchiefs	12 Pairs of Pyjamas.	36 pairs of Socks
24 Shirts	36 Collars	8 pairs of Boots
24 pairs of Trousers	6 Hats	and Shoes.

A fitted draw-tray is also provided for small clothing articles such as Studs, Cuff Links, Handkerchiefs, etc., with separate compartments for each; whilst a vitrolite shelf and glass-fronted mahogany Gallery are fixed under a plate glass Mirror on the right hand door.

"THE THINGS THAT MATTER."

Quality and finish—the best that English workmanship can yield.

Floor Space Economy—4' 4" x 1' 7"

Interior Capacity—It will hold three times as much as any ordinary wardrobe—everything a well-dressed man requires.

Accessibility—Each and every article is at hand, in view, and in properly proportioned compartments—supplies are seen at a glance—there is no waste space.

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29½ Guineas.

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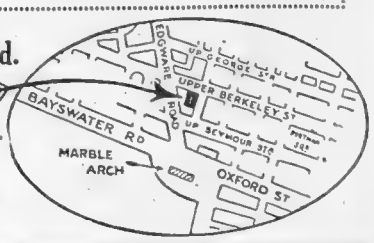

Registered *Trade Mark*

New Christmas Records

ROYAL ALBERT HALL ORCHESTRA
Conducted by EUGENE GOOSSENS
D. 656 12-inch Double-sided Record 7/6
La Nuit de Noël—Parts 1 and 2 *Rimsky-Korsakov*

THE BAND OF H.M. COLDSTREAM GUARDS
Conducted by Lieut. R. G. EVANS
C. 1090 12-inch Double-sided Record 6/-
All on a Christmas Morning Idyll *H. G. Amers*
Yuletide—Christmas Fantasia *arr. J. A. Kappey*

THE BAND OF H.M COLDSTREAM GUARDS
Conducted by Lieut. R. G. EVANS
B. 1418 10-inch Double-sided Records 4/-
Hail, smiling morn - - *Spofforth*

BLACK DIAMONDS BAND
New Year's Eve

MAYFAIR ORCHESTRA
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PETER DAWSON
With Orchestral Accompaniment
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PERCY HEMUS
With Orchestral Accompaniment
Ring out, wild bells *Tennyson—Gounod*

LEILA MEGANE
With Orchestral Accompaniment
D. 657 12-inch Double-sided Record 7/6
Agnus Dei (Sung in Latin) - *Biset*
He shall feed His Flock ("Messiah") *Handel*

MARJORIE MONTEFIORE
(Talking)
C. 1091 12-inch Double-sided Record 6/-
The Night before Christmas *C. C. Moore*

TRINITY CHOIR
With Orchestral Accompaniment
Christmas Hymns and Carols
Containing: "Christians Awake!" "O little Town of Bethlehem"— "God rest you, merry gentlemen"— "The First Nowell"—"Silent Night"

Bedtime Stories for the Children

ALBERT WHELAN
10-inch Double-sided Records, 4/- each

THE ADVENTURES OF TEDDY TAIL OF "THE DAILY MAIL"

B 1427	(*a*)	Episode One	(*b*)	In the Cuckoo Clock
B 1428	(*a*)	Wrecked	(*b*)	Teddy in a Doll's Head
B 1429	(*a*)	Boy who would not believe	(*b*)	At the Party
B 1430	(*a*)	Teddy Tail in School	(*b*)	A Voyage on a Kite

THE ADVENTURES OF BILLY BIMBO OF THE LONDON "EVENING NEWS"

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B 1432	(*a*)	Peter Porker goes Fishing	(*b*)	Peter Porker goes Gliding

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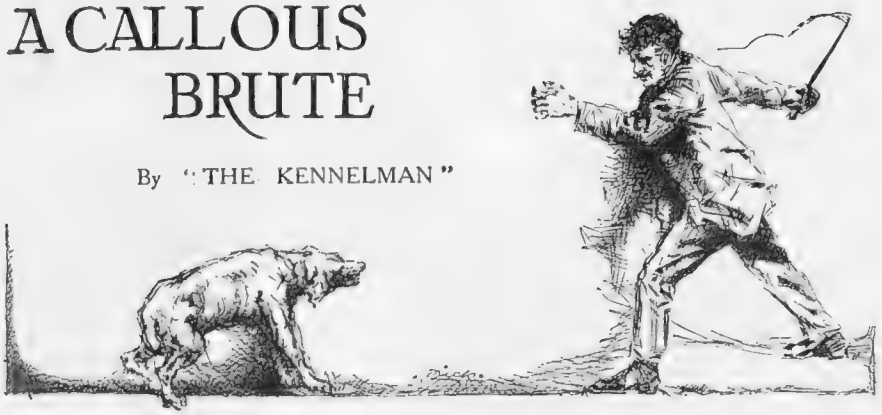
A CALLOUS BRUTE

By "THE KENNELMAN"



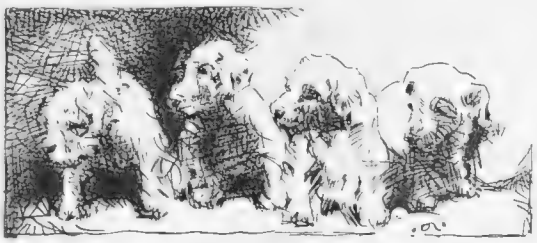
HOW TO MAKE DOG-BREEDING PAY

ILLUSTRATED BY NICOLSON

MANY readers of this page wrote me regarding the man who was recently fined a paltry fiver for beating a Dog to death. I wish the magistrates could read the severest letters that reached me, one of which pointed out that this sloppy kind of administration of alleged justice, quite apart from worse disadvantages, was highly provocative of breaches of the peace—"For what decent man could refrain from kicking such a brute, if he ever met him, seeing that the law imposed no penalty that this kind of ruffian feels?" Another drew my attention to the fact that, a few days afterwards, an old woman of seventy was, at all events, fined double the amount for starving some kittens. And now comes a letter from a keenly doggy reader of THE BYSTANDER in Cairo, who, after pointing out that the person who could deliberately beat a Dog to death, in a room, breaking one of its legs and smashing its head, might well commit even worse crimes against humans, especially when "actually encouraged by such a preposterous penalty to think lightly of it," adds:

I very strongly object to this despicable fellow being described as a "fancier," when he is obviously the lowest-down kind of a *dealer*, which is quite another matter. The King is a Dog Fancier—God bless him!—and so are thousands of other gentlemen; and they all have a right to object to a brute of a dealer, described from the bench as "a callous brute who ought to be prevented from having any dealings with animals in future" being labelled in the reports as a "fancier!" "Fancier," forsooth! Why, the wretched fellow is obviously a malignant hater of animals, besides being a danger and a disgrace to humanity. And can any sane magistrate suppose that a £5 fine will prevent him from "having any dealings with animals in future"?

Letters are still reaching me about the recent advertisement setting forth the business possibilities of pedigree Dog-breeding. It mustn't be thought I dispute or belittle these; but I do want to protect inexperienced readers of this page against delusions, and avoidable loss and disappointment. The possible profits are there right enough, without a doubt; and the whole outlook is brighter than it's been since '14; but, if you please, good correspondents who are new to this fascinating business, *walk* securely before starting to *run*.



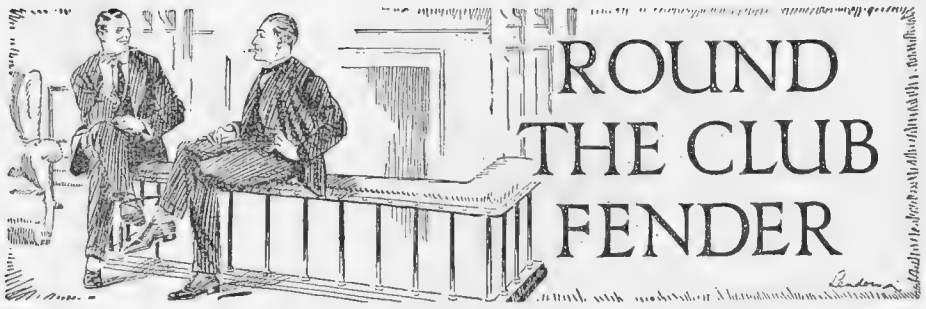
PICK OUT THE BEST OF THE LITTER

Think well over the choice of breed; study their relative popularity at the Shows, and their suitability for *you*, and your circumstances, finances, and place of residence. Life in the metropolitan area *does* easily permit of success with some breeds; and the suburbs are perfectly all right for most of them; but Hounds and the definitely sporting breeds cannot kindly be cultivated right in Town. Remember, too, that while a 100 lb. Dog may well require ten times the food you would buy for a 10 lb. Dog, pups of both grades often fetch the same prices, though the one will cost its breeder ten times more than the other.

It's not very wise to aim at making actual breeding your first essay. Select, educate, and *show* a Dog or two, first. Even in a month or so you can learn a whole lot that way. Talk freely with fellow-exhibitors, and join the Club of your chosen breed. Then watch your chance to buy favourably a bitch about a year old; *not* on her Show points (which will naturally enhance her price), but (*a*) on her blood and (*b*) on her constitution and frame, as a brood bitch. Then discuss and perpend (read *Everybody's Dog Book*, and "Great Dane's" *Principles and Practice of Scientific Dog-Breeding*) the question of the most suitable mate for her; and do *not* try to save money on the stud fee, the very best mate obtainable being always the cheapest, though "best" by no means always means the Dog of the highest fee. The mating safely accomplished—take the bitch yourself, don't send her—concentrate on really consistent, unvarying care of the mother-to-be, and on the early rearing of the pups when they arrive. Seek independent help and guidance from fellow-breeders in picking out the best Dog and Bitch of the litter, for your own rearing and future exhibiting. Make your selection on the tenth or twelfth day of their lives, if you like; but wait for the end of the tenth or twelfth week for final confirmation of it. Advertise and sell the others; but don't get panicky over it, or fancy you must accept any old offer. Take your time, watching and learning all the while.

It's an absolutely fascinating game; but if you want to succeed at it you must give *consistent*, steady care, thought, and scrupulous attention to it. "Near enough," and "Chance it," are fatal mottoes in this hobby; and, even if you've money to burn, there's more fun and interest attaching to what you do yourself than to what you employ a Kennelman, or woman, to do—though I says it as shouldn't!

Birmingham's big Dog Show opens to-day (13th). No room for more news.



ROUND THE CLUB FENDER

BY "ANTHONY"

MOST hunts have by now fixed the date of their ball, and hostesses are forming parties for this delightful form of entertainment. Three of the December gatherings are taking place in famous country houses, a more agreeable arrangement in every way than the rather draughty town halls usually chartered.

THE Badsworth foregather at Carlton Towers on the 12th, owned by Baroness Beaumont, who married the Hon. Bernard Fitzalan-Howard, but retains her title; the son, however, instead of being Lord Beaumont (12th of his line) becomes one day Lord Howard of Glossop (only 3rd on the list).

THE Bicester meet at Kirtlington Park on the 13th, the former family place of Sir George Dashwood, but which has changed golden hands once or twice since sold by Sir George. Kirtlington is a magnificent Oxfordshire mansion.

WHILE the West Norfolk, which is the Royal Family's own particular Hunt Ball, is to be at Holkham on the 28th. Holkham, belonging to Lord Leicester, is one of the largest houses in England; the estate is literally alive with hares—an invitation to a Holkham hare shoot being a thing all its own. Lord Leicester has recently bought the Burnham estate from Lord Orford, thereby getting some of the best partridge shooting in Norfolk.

I UNDERSTAND that Colonel Dobbin, D.S.O., is to succeed General Sadleir-Jackson as O.C. Arab Levies, Mesopotamia. Colonel Dobbin has a wide experience of natives, nearly all his service having been passed abroad in China, India, South Africa, and on the West Coast.

Lord Gough is another brilliant young soldier who has been serving with the Arab levies, and is now on his way home to rejoin his own regiment, the Irish Guards. A great grandson of the famous Field-Marshal, he won the M.C. early in the War, lost an arm on the Aisne, and took up Staff duties, being at one time, I believe, the youngest G.S.O. II. in France. Despite the loss of his arm, he goes his own line with the best to hounds, and is a remarkably good shot. He is the owner of a beautiful place, Lough Coutra, Co. Galway.

Photograph *Russell*

LORD LEICESTER

MR. ROBERT FARQUARSHON, the amateur, whose acting in *The Cenci* has attracted considerable interest, has a ready gift of repartee. During the War he was employed under the Intelligence Department of the War Office, being graded for pay as a G.S.O. III. A colleague in his department made a grievous blunder, to which Mr. Farquarshon was obliged to call his (the colleague's) attention. The colleague took the correction ill, and bridled up to Mr. Farquarshon.

"What's the matter?" said the latter. "I only pointed out, etc., etc. . . ."

"I know you did; but I did not like the expression on your face when you made the remark," said the angry colleague.

"Well," replied Mr. Farquarshon, blandly, "I might not like the expression on yours at any time, but I should not be so impolite as to tell you so."

MOST clubs have now opened their annual subscription list for the Club Servants' Christmas Fund. At some clubs the amount to be given is left to the discretion of members; at others a foot-note indicates that all should give a uniform sum. The second arrangement seems the happier of the two as the domestic harmony of a club cannot be improved by some members giving three guineas to the fund and others 10*s.* 6*d.*, which I know is the case in some establishments. On the other hand, of course, members may feel that they should grade their tips according to the amount they use the club premises.

I HAVE been reading an advance copy of Major Geoffrey Moss's first novel, *Sweet Pepper*, and must confess that his description of his very attractive heroine drinking Tokay fairly made my mouth water. It must be a grand wine—that Imperial Tokay. Unfortunately, mere money won't buy it. There are only about 1,000 bottles made each year, and the only way to procure one of these is as a present from a Hungarian big-wig.

Major Moss is an old Grenadier Guardsman, and no doubt his first taste of Imperial Tokay was when he was on King's Guard at St. James's Palace. The Emperor of Austria used to send over a few bottles each year as a present to our King, who used to pass it on to the King's Guard mess.

Once a gentleman brought back a dozen bottles of the priceless wine from Budapest and his cook—however, on second thoughts I'll not finish the story. Major Moss has recently been travelling extensively in Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia, where no doubt he found opportunities to refresh his memory. His wife is the elder daughter of the new Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

Pat Williamson

THIS charming little maiden was one of the successful competitors in the "Daily Mirror" Beauty Competition.

Her father and mother say that she has had "Ovaltine" from an early age, and that it contributed largely to her present state of perfect health.

Your children, too should have "Ovaltine" as their daily beverage. It builds up sturdy bodies, sound nerves and alert minds. It imparts the beauty which comes from glowing health.

This delicious food beverage is super-nourishment in an easily digested form. The food elements are balanced in just the proportions necessary for a growing child.

Prepared from Nature's Tonic Foods—ripe barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs—one cup of "Ovaltine" supplies more nourishment than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa or 3 eggs.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the British Empire. Prices in Great Britain 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin.

A. WANDER, Ltd., 45, Cowcross St., London, E C 1.

P.190

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Photograph *Tom Aitken*

WAITING FOR THE DRAW IN THE FIRST COVERT

The Prince of Wales (on the extreme left), whose recent accident has, fortunately, been very slight, and the Duke of York, have had some good hunting with the Whaddon Chase. Hounds killed after a hard twenty-five minutes' run

Photograph *Tom Aitken*

WITH THE WHADDON CHASE

Lady Chesham, whose husband is the new Master of the Bicester

Recent Sport

STILL not a great deal to write home about. That might have been fittingly said of sport in the Shires last week, and I suppose there is not much prospect of a marked improvement until we get rain—and plenty of it. The balmy, spring-like days which were associated with the incoming of December are all very well for the average man, but the huntsman, whose job it is to kill foxes, and incidentally to provide galloping for a censorious field, vows that this is not hunting weather. He does not mind how deep the going is, for he knows that scent, as a rule, serves best on rain-soaked land. There was one afternoon recently on which the Warwickshire mixed pack ran clean away from their followers, but such incidents have been few and far between in this season of moderate scenting conditions.

Between the Flags

IT is probable that in the spring we shall find the Prince of Wales performing pretty frequently over point-to-point courses, for he has several hunters who have an uncommon turn of pace and are accomplished jumpers. It is not often that Pet Dog makes a mistake, but as luck would have it he came down at the double jump across a narrow road when the Prince rode him in the Nomination Race at the Bullingdon Club point-to-point meeting near Oxford a few days ago. Earlier in the week H.R.H. had taken the precaution of giving Pet Dog a school over the Hon. Aubrey Hastings's fences at Wroughton, and the horse had carried him very well then. It was the Prince's galling experience to watch the finish of the race instead of taking a practical part in it.

Photograph *British Illustrations*

AT THE MEET OF THE RUFFORD HUNT

Lady Sibell Pierrepont, younger daughter of Lord Manvers, whose engagement to Mr. H. D. Argles has just been announced

In the Vale

ONE day last week the Prince of Wales honoured the Whaddon Chase field with his company, and the Duke of York saw some sport in the delightful Vale of Aylesbury on the same occasion. After all that unhappy rumpus in the Whaddon Chase country a couple of seasons ago, things now seem to have settled down quietly on their old lines. For the most part hounds cover a pleasant grass country, which, with its flying fences and doubles, need not fear comparison with Leicestershire. In Yorkshire Prince Henry is still getting out with hounds several days a week. The Bramham Moor and the York and Ainsty have both seen a good deal of him, but one of his best days' sport so far has been with the Middleton.

Changes

THE signs are that we shall soon be getting a big crop of vacant Masterships. Well, there will be no need to worry. We have had them before in such numbers that one wondered where all the new blood was to come from, but by the end of the season the gaps have been filled by the right kind of people. Major Jack Lowther is temporarily taking his place. I have already mentioned the vacancy in the Pytchley country caused by Major Harold Cayzer's resignation. The Hertfordshire, of course, will have to fill the gap caused so deplorably by the loss of Lord Ludlow, and now the North Herefordshire people are faced with the notice given by Lord Essex that he is giving up that country at the end of the season. The latter is much too keen a huntsman to be long without another pack of hounds.

"BLACK & WHITE"

is of the highest standard of Quality both at Home ana Abroad.

James Buchanan & Co., Ltd., are enabled to maintain this owing to their holding—with their Associated Companies—the Largest Stocks of fine old matured Scotch Malt Whiskies.

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

The Sales

I IMAGINE that many vendors were disappointed with the great bloodstock sales at Newmarket last week. Nevertheless, there was sound bidding for the best lots on which reasonable reserves were placed, the chief trouble being the scarcity of foreign money, the depreciation of which has hit the English bloodstock market pretty hard.

A Quiet Time

THERE was nothing at Leicester or Gatwick last week over which the National Hunt enthusiast could have become wildly excited, and I dare say we shall have rather a quiet time until February and March. We shall have an occasional glimpse of the most prominent Grand National horses, but it is too early in the season for them to be really at their best. We have heard nothing of Music Hall since the end of the last winter season, but he is such a great natural jumper, with a useful bit of speed, that he is sure to be well backed to repeat his victory at Aintree.

By "THE TOUT"

MR. G. P. SANDAY

Who hails from Chester, and who fills the role of owner, trainer and jockey (when the weight allows!) to his successful stable. One of his best is Hairpin II

National Hopes

I EXPECT Mr. Percy Whitaker again has hopes of realising his great ambition on Arravale. Somehow the horses who do well on the flat never seem to "come off" over the Liverpool country, but I have a great admiration for Arravale, and hope to see him prove an exception to the rule. I am convinced that he would have won last year if it had not been for that dead horse over whom he so unluckily came to grief the second time round. "Bob" Gore, whose powerful stable has been rather slower than usual in making its mark this season, does not look like having anything better than Southampton in the National. I have heard great arguments as to whether this horse will or will not ever jump the Liverpool country. For my part I would rather have Arravale every time. We shall also have to reckon with Coulthwaite and Drifter.

At Hurst Park

HURST PARK looks like giving us the best racing of the present week. One or two newcomers to the game are engaged in the Strawberry Hill Hurdle Race on Friday, and I am admittedly taking a chance in suggesting **Precious** as the likely winner. The chief race of the day will be the Hurst Park Hurdle Handicap, in which **Double Up** should score. On the second day we have a noteworthy attraction in the shape of the Lonsdale Steeplechase, headed by old Shaun Spadah. I expect Mr. Whitaker to win with **Keep Cool** or **Ardgour.** The Priory Steeplechase on the same afternoon may be won by **Cosaque,** and I am inclined to give **Cruiser Arc** another chance in the three-year-old hurdle race.

A Man's Present—that is NEW
that is different that is practical

PRICE 7/6 OR COMPLETE WITH 24 CRAVEN MIXTURE CARTRIDGES 9/11

Possessing every quality of the ideal Xmas Gift, the

BARON'S CARTRIDGE CASE & PIPE FILLER

will be welcomed by every man who smokes a pipe. It is unique—there is nothing else quite so out-of-the-ordinary. It is useful and practical. It is a permanent reminder of your good wishes and good judgment. It fills the pipe in five seconds, evenly, without any waste, contains space for a day's supply of cartridges, and ensures a clean, cool, and smooth burning smoke, sweet to the end. It will last for years. There is nothing to get out of order. You cannot go wrong if you give your men friends this interesting and practical present. To complete the gift just add a tin of Craven Mixture in cartridge form.

The Baron's Improved Cartridge Case and Pipe Filler is obtainable from all tobacconists. Should you experience any difficulty, write Carreras, Ltd., 55, Piccadilly, W.1.

These Tobaccos are obtainable in CARTRIDGE Form.
CRAVEN Mixture 12 cartridges 1/2½
HANKEY'S Mixture 24 cartridges 2/9
SIL PHILLIP'S Mixture 24 cartridges 3/1
BARON Mixture 24 cartridges 2/5
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To H.M. THE KING H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES
BY APPOINTMENT

There is more in a hat than ever a conjuror got out of it. Tradition, sentiment, distinction, valour, jollity. From the man who "hangs up his hat" to mark his ownership, the heedless fellow who "wears a Brown Hat in Friesland," to the man who values his appearance and chooses the hat that will set the seal upon his grooming.

Lincoln Bennett

The Best Felt Hats are made from Nutria Fur, Fine Hares' Fur and Scotch Coney Fur, and are priced accordingly.

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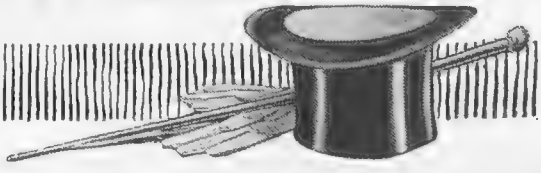
Supplied by the Best Hatters throughout the Kingdom. The names of those in your district on request, with Booklet, "Felt Hats, what they are made of and how to choose them."



Give Her a Necklet of Ciro Pearls

The GIFT APPROPRIATE *for Christmas*

¶ When he wishes to express his admiration for Her, his natural desire is to seek for some gift that will adequately convey his devotion.

¶ He knows there is no adornment a woman prefers to pearls, and if he had the wealth of Crœsus he would load her with the choicest gems of the Orient.

¶ That is an impossibility; but what is possible is to send Her what she will appreciate as highly—CIRO PEARLS.

¶ They will appeal to her taste for the beautiful by their brilliant sheen, perfect colouring and natural form quite as much as any gift or the costliest real pearls.

¶ Nothing could be more appropriate for a Yuletide gift than CIRO PEARLS. They are the one true reproduction of genuine pearls and the only difference between them and the real is their price. When worn side by side even the keenest judges cannot tell which is which.

¶ A Titled Lady who ordered some CIRO PEARLS to lengthen a priceless real necklet, writes: "Lady —— thanks Messrs. Ciro for sending the pearls. They are a perfect match with the real necklet and she is delighted with them."

¶ If you come to our Showrooms to select your Xmas gift your own eyes will convince you of the elusive charm and fidelity of reproduction of CIRO PEARLS.

¶ But if you cannot, then write to-day for our illustrated booklet No. 7 and make your choice from its interesting pages, availing yourself of

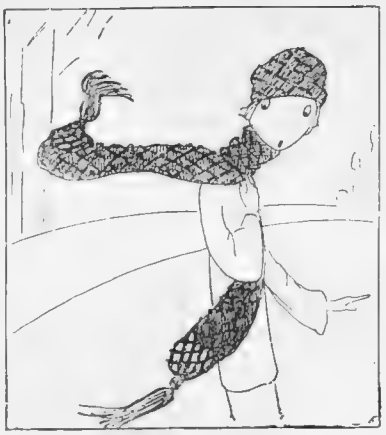
OUR UNIQUE OFFER

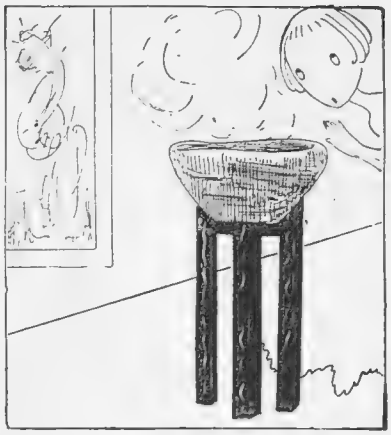
On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of CIRO PEARLS, 16 ins. long, with clasp and case complete, or any other CIRO PEARL jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl necklets may also be obtained in any length required at 1/4 per inch extra. Attractive cases supplied with all necklets, but specially fine cases as illustrated, 3/6 extra.

Our Showrooms are on the First Floor over Lloyd's Bank, near Piccadilly.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.
39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 7

CIRO PEARLS cannot be obtained anywhere in the Provinces. We have no Agents.





DEAR URSULA, *December 13th*

In my own particular den I have been accumulating cushions as they took my fancy. The thing that worries me is where to lay my head when I feel tired! The one of raised satin roses, my very latest addition, is certainly too bumpy!—

PAM IN PARIS

This cute hat and scarf is in bright red, worked over with tan wool. The ends are just "jelly bags" of wool that you can see through.—

Just the thing to take off the odour of stale cigarettes—or to disguise recent smoking when Aunt Jane visits me suddenly! It is a lovely shaded green glass affair, to burn perfume. The black stand is quite Chinese.

PAMELA.

Femina

TALK ON A TONIC

BY "CANDIDA"

NOT to go for a fortnight if you're busy, or for a month if you're not, to one of those high, high places in Switzerland to work harder there than ever you worked since you left school, is to be an unmitigated also-ran. Just try to escape and see what happens. You feel a little run down, who wouldn't? You've had a cold, who hasn't? And someone suggests medical advice just to cheer yourself up. "You want a tonic," says the one who advises to the tune of three guineas; "no, nothing out of a bottle, but three weeks in Switzerland, at St. Moritz, or the Mürren, or somewhere like that, and you'll come back a very different woman, and the housekeeping problem won't matter, nor the servant question vex," etc., etc.

DO you like snow piled on snow, and pine trees glistening silver in a pale winter sun, and peaks towering above, huge, silent, and virgin-white from base to summit? I don't altogether. Switzerland always seems to me a little obvious. She paints the lily. She's exactly what you'd expect her to be. There are no mysteries, no surprises anywhere. Her colouring's like a picture book, her landscapes don't "compose." Just try painting her, and you'll see. She may be frightfully healthy, but she isn't art.

IS she as healthy as all that, I wonder? Well, it wouldn't do to doubt it, but, as I've said before, she works you hard, hard. If you think you're going for a nice, restful holiday, disabuse yourself of the idea. It doesn't matter how old you are, or how tired, or how fat. Once you land out there a fever of energy gets you in its grip, and then . . . You may have resolved as wisely as you please that it's just going to be two mild walks a day, and some taking of the expensive air on your balcony to the South. But after a day or two, or less, the ice and the snow will shriek at you that positively something must be done with them or on them . . . and she who hesitates is lost.

OUT will come all the aggressive woollies which you took with you, in case someone should, sometime, suggest—exactly what has been suggested. Out they will come, and on they will go, and

THAT EAST WIND FEELING By ELSA COURLANDE

MOLLY: "I don't exactly hate you, Nurse, but I like everybody in the whole world much better"

theirs will be a hard life for the duration. Because there is this about snow and ice. Whatever you may do on them, though you do it as badly as possible, it will give you, all the same, a delightful sense of being young, or almost young, and very hungry, and right on the top of the world. It may be the air, or the exercise, or the way your lungs are made to work for their living, or it may be merely a Couéish trick of suggestion caught from others who feel, or feel they ought to feel, like this.

IF you like your sport "exhilarating," and enjoy wild and woolly stockings and boots with frightfully "sensible" soles, then is my preaching vain. For I prefer the lazy languors of doing nothing in particular on sunny verandahs, silk stockings, satin slippers, and crêpe de Chine. *A chacun son goût*, but, unfortunately, for me, a Christmas holiday doesn't always run to Egypt, whereas it does run, quite frequently, to the places where they skate and ski and luge, and shout and tumble and pick themselves up again all during the day, and dance industriously half the night, when they get the chance, which reminds me that as a health place Switzerland isn't half doing its duty. Having acquired heaps of vim in the air and snow and sunshine, is it right and proper to dissipate it all on mere dancing?

I REMEMBER in the days when we still went to German *Bads* how efficiently the health business was always kept well in the foreground. Dinner was served strictly according to *régime*, however dull. Casinos always went to bed punctually at ten o'clock, and dancing was a crime unheard of. And still, in spite of it all, no, I mean because of it all, we recovered. Perhaps the Swiss idea is that it wouldn't do to leave the country too much of a giant refreshed, because then there mightn't be any need to come back ever. And where would be the point of having built Palace Hotels, each one the size of a village? Perhaps it's all for the best.

MISS A. JOHNSON. 1869

MISS NELLIE FARREN. 1884

THE CAMERA IN OTHER DAYS

Two examples of the earlier work of Messrs. Elliott and Fry, from the Victorian Age Exhibition at their new premises in Baker Street. Here are to be seen many celebrities of the mid-Victorian decades—acolytes of the Arts and Sciences such as Irving, Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Langtry, Millais, Carlyle, Swinburne, Darwin and Huxley; statesmen, soldiers and many famous votaries of Fashion, with, of course, an excellent likeness of the Queen who gave her name to that illustrious period

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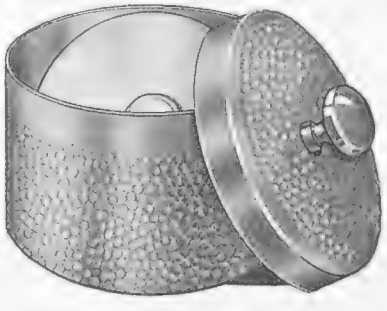

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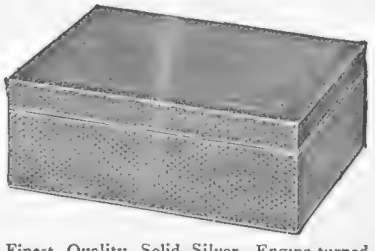

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The New-Day Dentifrice
Now made in
Two Sizes
1/3 & 2/-
At all chemists

Added Charms

Whiter, Cleaner, Better Teeth

Millions now enjoy them

If all knew what millions know, all would brush teeth in this new way.

Everybody wants whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. Those who lack them envy those who have them.

The way is easy and delightful. It means just combating film. And this ten-day test will show you how to do that.

That dingy film

Teeth are coated with a film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and remains. Stains cause it to discolour. Then it often forms dingy coats, including tartar.

Old ways of brushing do not effectively combat film. So much remains and night and day it is unceasing in effect.

Film clouds the teeth's lustre. It often becomes badly stained. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay

A way to combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists the world over urge their daily use.

A new - type tooth paste has been created, based on modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it. Now careful people of some forty races apply it every day. And the glistening teeth you see everywhere show one of the results.

Other benefits

This new day tooth-paste brings two other much-desired results. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth. If left to ferment they form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize the acids which may cause decay.

Those are Nature's tooth-protecting agents. Every use of Pepsodent multiplies their powers.

Watch it act

Learn what it means to you and yours. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using, how refreshing the mouth tastes. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

You will continually combat film-coated teeth when you learn what this method does. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent MARK TRADE
The New-Day Dentifrice
A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans, and protects the teeth without use of harmful grit.
Sold in two sizes—1/3 and 2/-.
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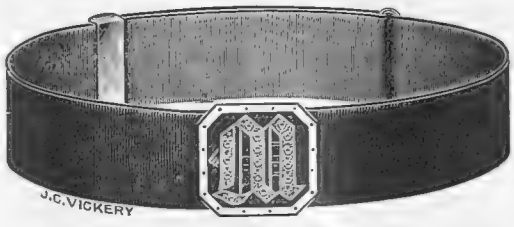
Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

A BEAUTIFUL BRONZE

Miss Evon Linnard as she appears "In Bronze" at the New Grafton Galleries Cabaret which has just invaded London, and is constituted of clever Americans and several beautiful people from this small islet

XMAS GIFTS

At Vickery's. A wonderful Collection to choose from. Inspection invited or Catalogue post free.



Gold Mounted Moire Silk **Wristlets** with **any initial** in Diamonds and Enamel Border, **£3 15 0.** Pearl Initial, **£2 10 0**

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A Circle of Gems forming the word "Dearest."
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Brooches to match,
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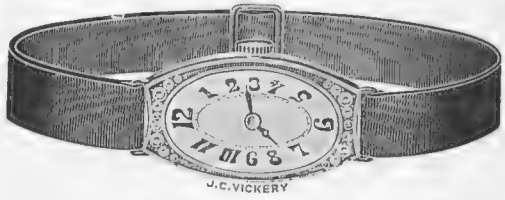

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Norma Shearer

A Reproach that often Passes for a Compliment

A MAN gives some commonplace gift to a woman, and the woman says : " Thank you so much, it is just what I expected ! " Then the man pats himself on the back for his discernment, and actually takes for a compliment what is intended to be a reproach.

" Just what I expected ! " . . . in other words . . . she just knew you would buy the obvious and the ordinary . . . she just knew you wouldn't discover the unique and exceptional . . . she just knew you would give her just what she expected !

This time let it be Técla Pearls—the unique and unexpected.

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with genuine Diamond Clasps, from 10 guineas

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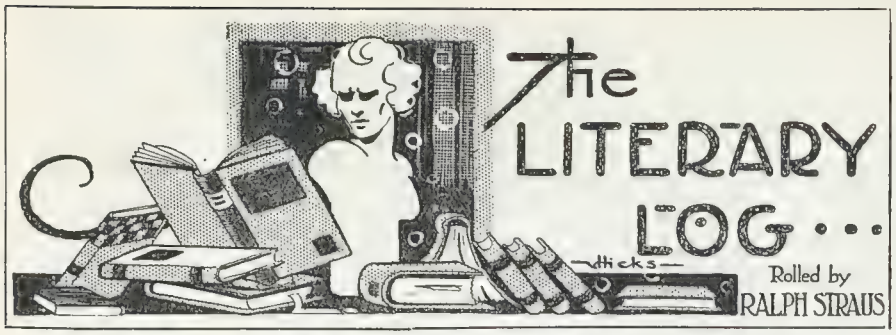

MAJOR C. H. CRICHTON'S second book is a delightfully unexpected piece of work. *The Lure of Old Paris* (Mills and Boon: 5*s.* net) follows throughout a path of its own. It is not, of course, a novel, but it contains an interesting story. There is nothing of the guide-book about it, and yet, in the company of its genial author, you seem to be missing nothing of importance in the Gay City. There are the most vivid historical vignettes, but they are weaved most skilfully into the general scheme—an odd and fantastic scheme, by the way, on the invention of which Major Crichton must be congratulated.

⁂

HOW does one best set down on to paper the lure of a great city? Major Crichton solves the problem in the most light-hearted fashion. "Come along," says he in effect, "and we'll have a try to get right behind the scenes." And off you go with him, and watch him "seeing the sights" with an old Buck who is no better than he ought to be, and being taken into quaint places by an old ragpicker, and, finally, having an extraordinary *rencontre* in the Louvre with a lady who ——. But who she is must remain a secret: you can find out for yourselves. The book is a frolicsome, Puckish affair, but it is also much more, for with the help of his mysterious lady Major Crichton really unfolds Old Paris to your gaze, and you put down his book wishing that a second volume was to hand.

⁂

ONE opens a new book by Muriel Hine in pleasant anticipation of a good story, and *The Flight* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) begins very well. There is a poor relation who has a chance of getting married, but she does not take it because there has been a little wordless romance on horseback in Hyde Park. Clodagh, you feel, is quite right to wait, and when her "Tamer of Horses" comes back from the War she has her reward. So far, so good. But men, like women, can be mysterious creatures, and as Lady Strangway Clodagh has no smooth path to traverse. In the first place there is a Dowager—perhaps the most cunning of all Miss Hine's many portraits—and mothers-in-law can be difficult at times. In the second place, a man who seems the most perfect of lovers does not always make the best husband. Clodagh, moreover, does not bear her man a son—an unforgivable offence. And when there is an affair between Strangway and her own cousin, the young wife flies. Her flight takes her to a Mediterranean island, where fresh adventure lies in store, and although she returns to her husband, there is a note on the last page of the book to say that a sequel is in preparation which has more to say of the island. What exactly will happen I have no means of knowing, but meanwhile Clodagh's earlier career has been most admirably told, and *The Flight* should increase Miss Hine's already huge "sales."

⁂

IN *The Green Ghost* (Holden: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), which, I hasten to say, is not a spook-story, Miss Charlotte Mansfield has drawn one of the most unpleasant new-rich young ladies ever born to attempt capture of a Duke. His Grace of Flintshire, indeed, is nearly "hooked," for his ducal finances are low, but there is a little green ghost waiting somewhere, and she is luckily discovered in time. Against a background of Scotland and Cologne there are many exciting scenes; and it is to be hoped that there are not many Rachel Hodges about, or I shudder for the future of the peerage.

⁂

YOU will be familiar with Mr. Duncan Swann's light-hearted novels, and with all the smart things they contain. There is a little volume of selections from his work called *Swansdown* (Hatchards: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), which makes very good reading. Women are not necessarily mysterious, particularly if you don't try to understand them. Mr. Swann is their warm admirer, but his admiration is shrewdly tempered by common sense. He is not too cynical, but he has a point of view, and I suggest his little book as an agreeable substitute for a Christmas card. It will be slightly more expensive, perhaps, but will give much greater pleasure to the recipient.

⁂

NOTORIOUSLY your own family can be "difficult." So often they steadfastly refuse to see *your* point of view, or object to recognise the fact that you have really grown up and are fully capable of deciding affairs for yourself. It is with some of the little problems which may arise when the young head of a family brings home a strange bride that Curtis Yorke, in her quiet, gracious way, deals in *Peter's People* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Peter's people, in point of fact, are rather a nuisance at first, but Pamela is such a good sort that nobody, except, perhaps, the quite horrid Frances, can withstand her. And when that odious little adventuress, Miss Campbell, takes in Peter's mother and in doing so opens her eyes to her daughter-in-law's charms, all is well. Curtis Yorke has written many likeable stories; this one will please all her thousands of admirers. R. S.

BY STARR WOOD

THE PRESENT PROBLEM

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MOTOR NOTES

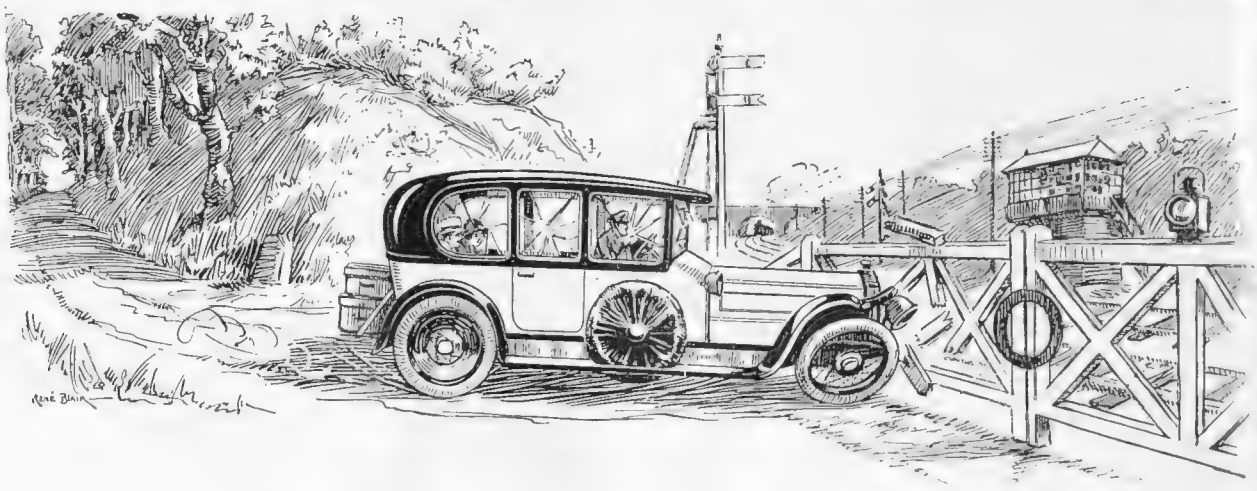
Now the weather has settled down—or should I say settled up?—so that we know more or less what to expect for some time, there seems an excellent opportunity of telling you my experiences in "trial cars" of the new models. In the first place the writer who tries to persuade anybody that the small car one-shell four-seater—or "chummy" body, as one idiot christened it—is going to be popular this coming season with the unfortunate people who sit in the rear rabbit-hutch, misnamed "room for two children or one adult," is going to earn a reputation about which the less said the better. I am sorry for the people who are termed "adult" in the catalogues if they expect comfort, unless they are of a stature as miniature as the cars are which are fitted with this type of superstructure. Of course, children never complain, for the good reason that all they care about is the ride, and will gladly put up with any old thing. But give me the dickey-seat, please, every time, with all its disadvantages, to this new idea. No, siree, it is all right as a space for luggage, but as an effort to turn a two-seated car to carry additional human freight of mature growth, I discard it absolutely.

A CROSSLEY IN OLD CHINA

A 19·6 h.p. Crossley photographed in front of the famous Lwong Wha Pagoda, near Shanghai. It will be noticed that there are seven stories instead of the usual three or five. The Pagoda is one of the most celebrated in China, and is held in great esteem by the native population

Fortunately, as the whole idea has come about in order that the exposure to the elements when unfavourable should be minimised by the protection of the hood that covers the rear part of the vehicle, as well as the front seats, it has caused a number of dickey hoods and adjustable back-screens for dickey-seats also to be designed and placed before the motor-using world. Consequently, an alternative is given to those who wish to own a tiny car that can carry more than two people occasionally. I lay stress on "occasionally," as there is no gainsaying that these very small cars are only two-seaters for general use. As the additional load will tell upon the wear and tear to no mean extent in time, it is as well to remember this. In fact, now that there are slightly larger cars of the "light" car class, costing £255 or thereabouts, with proper four-seater bodies fitted, I am persuaded that these will be the really popular vehicles for the man of small means and large family. Which, by the way, is the "secondly" in my observations as revealed in trial runs in the past fortnight. The "thirdly" in this regard is that the instalment system of purchase of cars is making headway in leaps and bounds, so that when a would-be buyer has £100 or less he can purchase any car that he wants to suit his purpose properly, without putting up with any makeshift design because he has not the "ready" to put down for what he really wants. In fact, as over 80 per cent. of cars sold in the U.S.A. are bought on the instalment plan so,

(*Continued on page 820*)



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The accident illustrated was the result of careless driving. The damage to the car was immaterial, since it was heavily insured, but the loss of eyesight to one of the occupants through broken and flying glass can never be given back.

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Write for catalogue and full particulars to Dept. "B."

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Financial News, 12/10/22.

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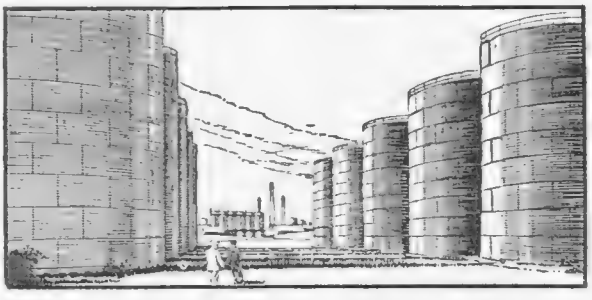

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"BP" is the only entirely British Petrol—British in every stage from the Crude Oil well to the familiar Khaki Can.
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MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

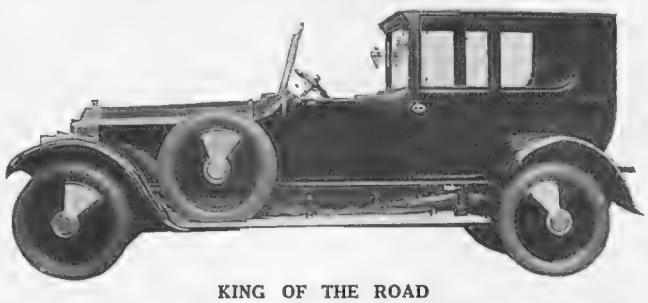
I believe, this Old Countrie will be in the same position in the next year or so.

* *
*

So many motorists who have been running their cars all day and every day since the early spring are now beginning to think of doing a bit o' work on the car in their spare time. Perhaps, therefore, a few hints and tips may not come amiss, especially as I heard the other day some friendly motorist suggest to his pal that he was going to burn off the carbon deposit on his piston heads with an oxy-acetylene flame. "Oh," said the pal, "I suppose that's the oxygen decarbonising process I've heard about." The process is, of course, quite simple, as all one does is to put a lighted taper through the port of the cylinder, and let a low-pressure jet of oxygen in at the same time. But I would rather have it done by some one who is constantly doing this work than tackle the job once a year or so.

* *
*

A job that is always worth while doing this time of year is to properly lubricate the individual leaves of the springs of the car. Of course, the best way is to demount the spring and take the leaves apart, thoroughly clean and burnish them, then grease them thoroughly and re-assemble. If this is too big a job to tackle then buy a leaf spring opener, like a painter's knife, prize each leaf apart and spread graphite grease between the leaves with a thin knife. This is rather a slow job, but saves taking down the springs. It is all very fine enclosing springs with grease retaining gaiters and then expecting the grease to work in between the leaves in time. It may do, but I have my doubts whether it works in over the full length of the leaves. In any case, when you spread the grease over the surface of the various leaves you know it starts with it all right. You can then fit gaiters if you like to keep them protected from wet and mud, and retain the grease, but it is asking a bit too much to expect the graphite to work in all by itself as quickly as is really wanted.



KING OF THE ROAD

A new Rolls-Royce Brougham Limousine, with a distingué type of French body-work, now being made by Messrs. Barker and Co., the famous coachbuilders

* *
*

It is not wise to put too thick or "heavy" a lubricant in the gearbox; one of a medium consistency is quite heavy enough, as in cold weather, especially, a very heavy lubricant, or semi-solid grease, gives quite a lot of work churning it up and lubricates no better. I have noticed lately that quite a number of the latest models of engines are using a much thinner oil in the sump than they used to, notwithstanding such engines turn more "revs." to the minute than older models did. This is a hint to all of us to see what we have in the sump of our own buses. Anyhow, I have found that Duckham's No. 3 grade is good for most engines from Vauxhall's downwards, and it is a much thinner oil than some of the old recommended lubricants. But this new oil from this very old firm has had the paraffin wax all—or practically all—extracted from it, so is less likely to carbon up, and certainly does not gum up the pistons after they have been standing idle for some time. Which all helps to make starting-up easier on a cold morning. And it has been cold at times lately.

Old Hy.

Overland

Comfort No. III.

Here's where Overland comfort comes from, the sturdy protection of the Overland storm curtains. All door sections are socket swung, opening and closing with the doors. The front components can be used as side wind-screens when the hood is down.

Triplex suspension springs—wide roomy Marshall Vi Spring seats and snugfit storm curtains are only three of the many Overland comfort features. Supplementing the many details of quality and comfort is a mechanism which has all the inherent factors that distinguish the Overland as the "ECONOMY CAR."

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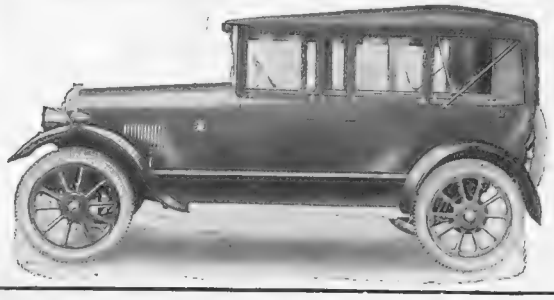

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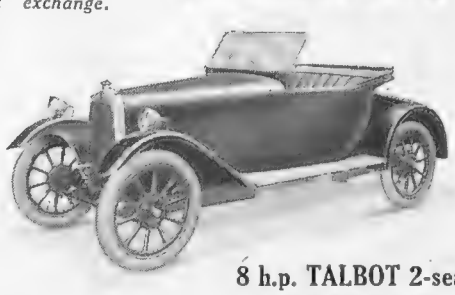
Our Hire Purchase System arranged to suit customer's convenience.

Any make of Car or Motor Cycle taken in part exchange.



8 h.p. TALBOT 2-seater

TAX £8. £295

Authorised Distributors

SUNBEAM AND TALBOT-DARRACQ

The All British
Standard
LIGHT 2 & 4 SEATERS 11& 8 H.P.

LIGHT car motoring comfort finds its highest expression in the "Standard" 4-Door Saloon — The Family Car de Luxe. It is luxuriously upholstered and equipped. Seating for 4-5 persons. Drop windows. The roof is weatherproof and does not "drum." Ample power, four speeds, large road wheels, cord tyres, low running costs (because weight is light). In short everything an owner-driver can wish for.

Price £585

THE STANDARD MOTOR CO., LTD., COVENTRY.
London Showrooms - - - 49, Pall Mall, S.W.1

COUNT THEM ON THE ROAD

JOSHUA HOYLE & SONS, LTD.

THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF JOSHUA HOYLE AND SONS, LTD., was held at the registered office of the Company, India Mill, Bacup, on Thursday, November 30th, LIEUT.-COLONEL J. CRAVEN HOYLE, T.D., D.L., presiding.

The CHAIRMAN, in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts, pointed out that the liquidation of the Subsidiary businesses had been carried out, and this had had the effect of increasing the item of properties on the assets side of the balance sheet and reducing the amount of the investments.

At previous meetings he had stated what had been the policy of the Board regarding the extension of the Company. The experiences of the last twelve months had proved the soundness of that policy, and not only had the allied concerns been of mutual assistance to each other, but a foundation had been laid for increasing the varieties of goods produced through goods being introduced for different markets, which both the parent Company and the Subsidiary Companies did not in their regular lines of cloth produce. Such business in the past had been refused. To-day, enquiry for goods that one branch did not make was passed on to another branch, and thus mutual assistance was given to the sale departments.

Dealing with the increase in the value of the stock, they all knew, he said, the anxieties through which the trade had passed, and the Directors in meeting such a state of affairs were bound to take a view, and there were three points that had to be considered—the first, that not only the Directors, but the shareholders, had their responsibility and duty to the employés of the Company. All employers of labour had been asked during the present difficult times to do everything possible to find employment and assist the nation.

The second point was in regard to running short time; would the loss through the overhead charges be greater than a loss incurred through the price at which goods might be sold?

The third point was what quantity and quality should be made for stock, and was there a reasonable chance of their ultimate disposal at a reasonable price?

The Directors had taken all those points into consideration and decided that up to a certain point the machinery should be kept employed.

Considering the state of the trade in the period under review the result of the twelve months' working had come out better than they could have anticipated. The continued unrest in the Near and Far East had had a serious effect on the production of the parent firm.

As to the future, there were signs that the cloud was lifting in the iron trade, and shipping, and other staple trades. Though he was not prepared to take the black view of the cotton trade—an idea that seemed to be rather common at the present time—they could not get away from the fact that with the rates of exchange being in the condition they were, the immediate outlook was not very promising. The situation in the Near East and Greece, and the effect of the import duties in India on Lancashire produced goods, were all working against any chance of an immediate improvement in the trade of Lancashire.

Regarding the cotton position, that could only be overcome by the development of cotton growing in other countries. Australia was making a move in that direction. Brazil only required more land to be put under the cultivation of cotton, and other areas in the British Empire could be further developed.

Though he (the Chairman) did not think that the price of cotton for many years could approach what was considered the normal pre-war price, the situation he thought, could be much relieved. Over-riding charges could and must be reduced, and that could only be brought about through the strictest economy in the State and local affairs, and in business methods.

Big Demand—Price Reduced

THE instantaneous success of the new 10-12 h.p. Straker Squire has enabled the makers to double their output, with the result that the price of the 2 or 4-seater complete has been reduced to £400—astonishing value for money considering the superb quality, advanced design, luxury and high performance capacity of this remarkable car.

Top gear speeds from 2½ to over 55 m.p.h. on the level; 35 miles to the gallon of petrol; 10,000 miles to the set of tyres. Test the new Straker Squire and prove these facts for yourself.

SOME SPECIAL FEATURES.

Brooklands Test on 2nd gear in 15 secs. with four passengers. Five 760 x 90 mm. Wheels and Tyres. Lighting and Starting Set. 4-Speed Gear Box, Right-Hand Change. Magneto Ignition. Five Lamps. Spring Gaiters. Speedometer, Clock, 2 Horns. Petrol and Oil Pressure Gauges. Exagun System of Chassis Lubrication. Four-seater Body (four doors) and All-Weather Curtains.
Refinement—All the refinement and comfort of a large car at light car cost.

Four-seater complete ... £400

OTHER MODELS.

15-20 h.p. Chassis £540
15-20 h.p. 2 or 4-seater complete ... £725
24-80 h.p. 6-cylinder Chassis... ... £1,150
24-80 h.p. 6-cylinder 2 or 4-seater ... £1,450

Write to-day for full Specification of this remarkable car. Trial Runs arranged.

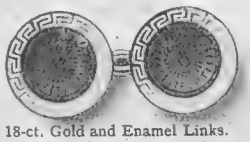
FOUR SEATER COMPLETE £400

Straker Squire

STRAKER SQUIRE, LTD., ANGEL ROAD, EDMONTON, N.18.
Telephone: Tottenham 2393. *Telegrams: Rhomboidal, Tottlane, London.*

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

GIFTS FOR MEN



18-ct. Gold and Enamel Links.
per pair **£4 15 0**

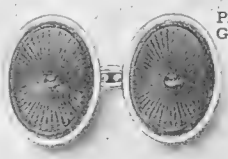
18-ct. Gold Engine-turned Links.
per pair **£3 7 6**

Pearl, Diamond, Platinum and Gold Scarf Pin.
£3 0 0

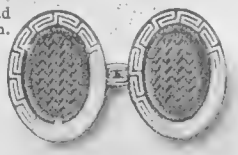
18-ct. Gold and Enamel Links.
per pair **£5 15 0**

Mother-o-Pearl Links, with Pearl centre and Platinum border.
per pair **£8 5 0**
4 Buttons to match **£7 15 0**
3 Studs to match **5 0 0**

Diamond, Sapphire, Platinum and Gold Scarf Pin.
£9 0 0



18-ct. Gold and Enamel Links.
per pair **£4 15 0**



18-ct. Gold and Enamel Links.
per pair **£4 17 6**

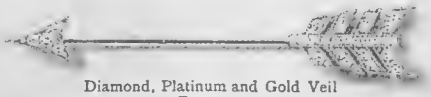
Pearl, Aquamarine, Platinum and Gold Necklet.
£9 0 0

Pearl, Diamond, Platinum and Gold Pendant.
£11 10 0

Diamond, Black Onyx, Platinum and Gold Brooch.
£20 0 0

Pearl, Diamond, Aquamarine, Platinum and Gold Necklet.
£19 0 0

Diamond, Platinum and Gold Ring.
£32 10 0



Diamond, Platinum and Gold Veil Fastener.
£10 0 0

Emerald, Diamond, Black Onyx and Platinum Ring.
£24 0 0

Pearl, Enamel, Platinum and Gold Brooch.
£2 7 6

Diamond, Sapphire and Platinum Ring.
£47 10 0

Diamond, Aquamarine, Black Onyx, Platinum and Gold Ring.
£12 10 0

Pearl, Diamond, Black Onyx, Platinum and Gold Brooch.
£17 0 0

Diamond, Black Onyx, Platinum and Gold Ring.
£12 10 0

Diamond, Sapphire, Platinum and Gold Bracelet. **£24 0 0**

Gifts Book sent free. **Selections for approval.**

ONLY ONE ADDRESS

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd
with which is incorporated The Goldsmiths Alliance Ltd Estd 1751
112, Regent Street, London, W.1.

NO BRANCHES ANYWHERE

XMAS SHOPPING

What to Buy — Where to Buy it

V.H.

A Christmas Box for Everybody

THE old-time phrase "Christmas Box" meant not a coin but a box which would hold money, like a collecting box or a missionary box, and it was actually presented on "Boxing Day." Nowadays Christmas gifts are far more varied, and one of the best of all Christmas boxes is a box of Rowntree's chocolates. These are all filled with the choicest varieties of chocolates, which are distinguished by the superlative quality of their centres, and the daintiness and attractiveness of their shapes.

"Take a Kodak With You"

If you are going to Switzerland this Christmas, a camera will be indispensable, and even if you are remaining at home you will appreciate some record of the happy party, and a Kodak at once suggests itself, for the Kodak camera is ubiquitous, and no other Christmas present will compare with the enjoyment it will afford the recipients. Kodaks are all prices for all purses, and all sizes for all pockets; from the very popular vest-pocket camera to larger and more expensive models, but whether you pay six shillings or six hundred you will be equally satisfied.

The Oliver Typewriter

In these days of high efficiency a typewriter is essential to the busy man or woman, and with the Oliver machine everything is guaranteed to give the best service. It is built for hard, strenuous work, and though you test its keys from nine in the morning to nine at night it will always respond to your touch, and give high satisfaction. The Oliver is an all-British machine, and so in purchasing you know you are giving employment to British people.

English Hand-Made Lace

A great impetus has been given of late to home industries like the beautiful pillow lace made in Buckingham. For Christmas presents a number of natty little things have been devised, notably, a dress *mouchoir* of fine lawn, with a 1½ in. surround of Buckingham lace, which, packed in a pretty gift box, is only 3*s.* 6*d.* A letter to the Secretary, Cottage Workers' Agency, Olney, Bucks, will bring forth a lot of information and an illustrated leaflet suggesting many other pleasing and suitable gifts.

Tailored Skirts in Clan Tartans

A real and most pleasant surprise to a girl of sporting proclivities on Christmas morning would be one of those splendid tailored skirts, exclusive to McDonalds, Ltd., 21-31, Buchanan Street, Glasgow. Worn with a neat, natty little jacket of cloth that picks out the main colour of the check, plaid or tartan, these are the smartest suits imaginable. Pictured is one of the correct pleated tartan *jupes*, arranged exactly like a man's kilt, complete with long safety pin and waist buckles. It is worthy of mention how there is 5½ yards, double-width, material in each of these kilted skirts to ensure the pleats being of the requisite depth. The particular model pictured is known as the "Caledonia," and may be had in a large variety of clan tartans. McDonald's are always pleased to send goods on approval on receipt of the usual trade reference.

Tortoiseshell and Enamel

A source of infinite attractions of a *recherché* character, in silver toilet sets, and, of course, jewellery, is the establishment of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, a name that is regarded the world over as of the highest integrity.

Silver toilet articles of late years have given way before the superior and certainly more satisfactory tortoiseshell and enamel. The last-named is a particular *penchant* with the firm in question, and they have responded right royally to the demand for light, delicate colours such as pale blue, pink, and mauve, the several pieces mounted with silver gilt edges, tortoiseshell being equally well represented and offered at prices that will cause many to open their eyes in surprise, a fact that is accounted for by Mappin and Webb manufacturing all their own goods, and thus eliminating the middleman; so direct from the workshop to the purchaser comes the charming set illustrated, comprising six pieces enclosed in a handsome velvet lined case. The bristles of the brushes are of the best quality, and all are silver mounted, while the inclusive price is only £15 15*s.*

By Blam

THE CALEDONIA SKIRT
At McDonald's, Ltd., 21-31, Buchanan Street, Glasgow

With such a widespread *clientèle* as is owned by Mappin and Webb a specially illustrated Christmas catalogue is a sheer necessity, and application for this

IN TORTOISESHELL AND ENAMEL
From Messrs. Mappin and Webb

can be made at any of the three depots, 158-162 Oxford Street, W.1, 2 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, and 172 Regent Street, W. 1.

For All Tastes and Purses

A wonderful collection of standard and reading lamps in English lacquer, carved and hand-painted mahogany, etc.; hand-painted card, parchment and silk shades; a bewildering variety of cushions and bridge covers in rich Italian and French brocades, waste-paper baskets, oak fern tubs and bowls is to mention a mere handful of the mass of enchanting gifts to be acquired at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. Illustrated is a table standard lamp, in old Italian style, ornamented with an effective raised fruit and flower design that stands 20 inches high, completely fitted for electric light, this is selling at 37*s.* 6*d.*, the like sum securing the shade to match which is hand-painted on imitation pigskin parchment.

A Housewife's Treasure

If all labour-saving devices were as attractive and reasonably priced

A HAND-PAINTED LAMPSHADE
At Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street

as a combined silver *entrée* dish and fire-proof glass casserole to be found at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, W., we should all be far happier and better equipped than is generally the case. Fire-proof glass casseroles are admittedly the cleanest cooking utensils ever devised, and when an oval-shaped lidded example is allied with a complete silver *entrée* dish, then surely one is justified in writing "*Ultima.*" As photographed, this is shown with the casserole served up in the lower half of the *entrée* dish, the two portions of the latter along-side equally hinting their separate service. If I am asked to give a name to a Christmas gift, it will most certainly be this *multum in parvo*, and it will not strain any donor's purse at 80*s.* Quite in a different vein, but fully as original, is a perfect perfume diffuser. It comprises a pretty coloured glass globe with a sunk top and an interior electric bulb with flex and plug attached that can be applied to any wall fitment. A few drops of strong essence dropped into the sunken top of the globe is directly affected by the heat, and the largest room filled with a delicate all-pervading perfume.

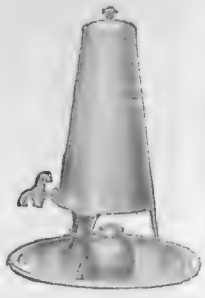
DAINTY DISHES FOR THE DINING ROOM
From Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, W.

A World's Benefactor

Joseph Dixon, the famous American inventor, after delving one day among the graphite crucibles in his assay laboratory, found that his hands became covered with a soft, shiny ebony black. From this chance discovery came the first substitution of graphite for lead in our pencils, and the formation of the House of Dixon, which now produces the last word in pencils—the world-famous "Eldorado." In seventeen degrees of hardness—one for every need—this wonderfully finished product, of which L. G. Sloan, Ltd., 41, Kingsway, W.C. 2, are the sole European agents, is the inseparable companion of artists, architects, journalists, engineers, photographers, students—in fact of all Workers of the World, Independent and Dependent.

Recovering a Lost Art

Owing to inferior substitutes the public have had little chance of acquiring the true coffee drinker's love for that delicious velvetty flavour of the correctly made product, in which the undesirable tannic acids have been completely eliminated from the soothing and aromatic essential oils. Now, at last, the Serck Coffee Industries, Victoria Gardens, Notting Hill Gate, W. 11, have discovered the secret of the separation of the undesirable from the desirable constituents and the practical results of their labours takes shape in the "Ideal Made" Coffee Percolator, which, sold from 30*s.* to 60*s.* according to size, makes a handsome present for the home.



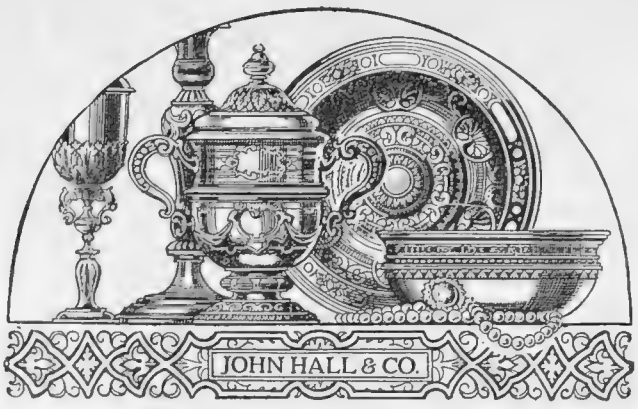
THE "IDEAL MADE"
From the Serck Coffee Industries

Ciro Pearls as Christmas Gifts

Many of us, just now, when our thoughts are turned to the choice of a suitable Yuletide gift, are prompted to give pearls, only to reject the idea on the ground of expense. This, however, is overcome where Ciro pearls are concerned, for Ciro pearls, although artificial and consequently within the limits of all purses, will bear the closest comparison with genuine Oriental pearls. In texture, hardness, weight, colour and sheen they so perfectly reproduce the real pearl as to excite the wonder and admiration even of the expert. Every Ciro pearl article has its price fixed, and if you go to 39, Old Bond Street, you are not told that if you pay more you can have something superior.

(*Continued on page 826*)

A FAVOURITE GIFT
From Ciro Pearls, Ltd., 39, Old Bond Street



THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF ANNOUNCEMENTS WHICH HAVE BEEN NOTABLY SUCCESSFUL.

This old-established business has many thousands of patrons in Great Britain and Ireland, and we are not surprised that knowing us, they have taken advantage of the occasion to make special purchases to a very large amount.

We are pleased to observe that our newspaper announcements have made us new friends, who have gauged correctly the exceptionally high standard of our dealings in pearls, lapidary work, gold and silver craftsmanship. We have for formal legal reasons, due to the retirement of a partner, to realise £250,000 worth of stock by the end of January.

We have set out this stock at the lowest prices consistent with its value, and make a further offer for realisation purposes of 20% discount for cash only, during this month and next.

Our pieces in any department are not readily duplicated, and many are unique. The virtuoso has a great range of choice from the stock still remaining, and we invite enquiries from those interested in pearls, jewels, and English silver plate of the finest grade and workmanship, not only for the joy of possession, but as secure, realisable, and advantageous investments.

John Hall & Co.

DIAMOND MERCHANTS AND SILVERSMITHS

Established 1832 at 56, King St., Manchester.

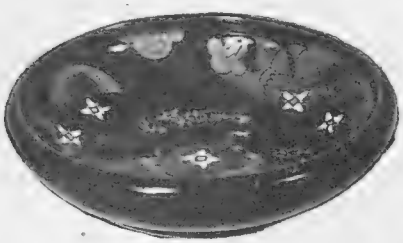
℗C

3rd Announcement

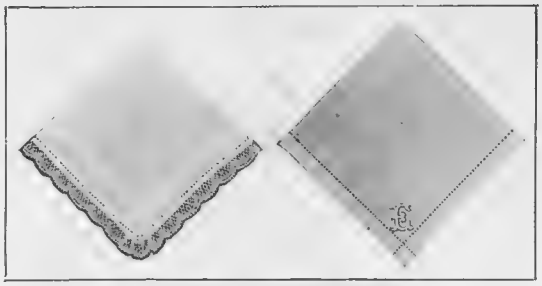
CHRISTMAS SHOPPING (continued)

Attractive Modern Pottery

All is not gold that glitters, nor all pottery beautiful because it is old. In fact, the modern productions are running antiques in close rivalry, alike in the matter of form and colouring. At the same time, it is always reassuring to have the opinion of connoisseurs, such as Messrs. Waring and Gillows, Oxford Street, W., their approval at once stamping any piece as worthy of attention. As, for instance, the bowl for floating flowers, illustrated, which is in a new and particularly attractive Staffordshire ware, patterned with rich colourings, sufficiently tempered, however, by the black ground not to interfere with any real flowers; measuring 12 inches in circumference the price is 13*s.* 6*d.* It seems as though all the china in the world has a home in these showrooms, and hours can be whiled away by lovers of this class of ware.



FOR THE TABLE
A bowl for floating flowers from Messrs. Waring & Gillow, of Oxford Street



ATTRACTIVE HANDKERCHIEFS
from Robinson & Cleaver

Ever Welcome

Young, old, rich or poor are equally responsive to the gift, if suitably chosen, of handkerchiefs—a fact, that those who are too busy to indulge in vagrant shopping at Christmas seldom fail to recognise, the more so as they can quite well make this purchase through the post after a few minutes' study of the exhaustive illustrated price list issued by Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street. This establishment is rightly regarded as the traditional home of the *mouchoir*, and the present display is superb, and far too exhaustive to be dealt with at any length. One very special offer to be mentioned is a pure linen man's handkerchief, initial hand-embroidered, only one guinea a dozen. This is depicted, together with a dainty little dress hankie for a lady, edged real Armenian lace, selling at 6*s.* 11*d.* each. Also another supremely fascinating thing of real Brussels lace, a veritable heirloom gift, and only 23*s.* 6*d.*

Toy Monkeys

There is positively no end to the novelties in plush toys, each season bringing in its train some fresh venture to share favours with the original Golly-Wog, and, of course, Harrods, Brompton Road, have got *le dernier cri* in the guise of Mr. Monkey, realistically expressed in dark brown plush, with a white face. All the limbs are adjustable, and the most laughable grotesque attitudes achieved calculated to keep a child happy and amused for hours on end. Truly it is no catch-phrase, but a great truism, that if you want a thing, Get it at Harrods.

(*Continued on page* 828)

MR. MONKEY
A clever toy for the children created by Harrods, Ltd.

Barker & Dobson

VIKING Regd.

CHOCOLATES

Sold in ½-lb., 1-lb., and 2-lb. boxes at 2/6, 5/-, and 10/- per box, and by weight at 1/3 per ¼-lb.

ASSORTED.

The best of everything at Christmas.

Good chocolates are as necessary as holly to the proper Christmas atmosphere. You can't get more delicious chocolates than "Viking" Assorted, and it is true economy to buy them because they are pure and wholesome and the best possible value. Therefore you will actually save by enjoying "Viking" Chocolates at Christmas.

BARKER & DOBSON, Ltd., LIVERPOOL & LONDON

Makers of the Real Everton Toffee in 1/3 and 3/- Tins.

Service

The ROWE reputation for QUALITY and VALUE is established. An equally valuable, but perhaps less known, argument why you should shop with us is in the SERVICE we give to our Clients.

For example :—

Boys' Etons, Dinner Suits, and Tails for formal wear are sold in separate units, perfectly matched : you need not buy a suit if only the trousers need replacement. You can replace Etons with Dinner Jacket if the remainder of the suit is good ; can add a Tail Coat to a Dinner Suit, replace any worn or outgrown part—at positively fixed and plainly marked prices.

An ample stock is being prepared against the demands of the festive season, with all necessary adjuncts of the evening toilet.

Complete Eton Suits—from **£5 : 5 : 0**
„ Dinner „ „ **£7 : 7 : 0**
„ Tails „ „ **£10 : 10 : 0**
Separate Prices pro rata.

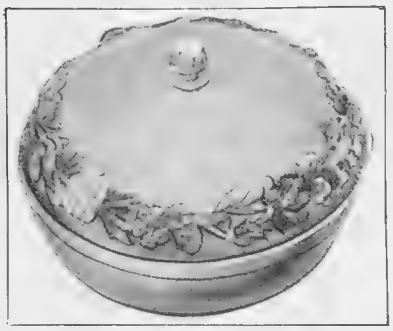
WM ROWE & CO LTD.

BOYS & GIRLS TAILORS & COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITTERS

105-106 NEW BOND ST. LONDON, W. *and at* GOSPORT.

C.F.H.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING (continued)



A POWDER BOX
From Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

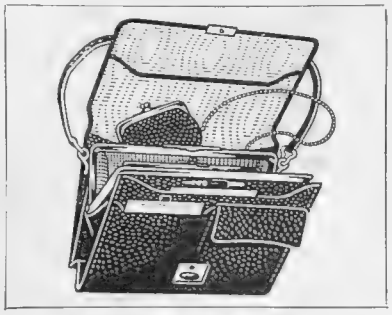
Novel Toilet Table Accessories

The strides made of late years, in effective coloured glassware, gilt and *papier mâché*, etc., has completely revolutionised My Lady's toilet table. There is, nowadays, every sort of receptacle for face and bath powders, bath salts, pin and trinket boxes, and one of the largest and most attractive assortments to be seen is at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W. The powder box of really useful capacious size, illustrated, is of gilt, the lid ornamented with field flowers of some composition realistically coloured. A handsome gift few would suspect had cost a mere guinea.

There is just everything of the newest, nattiest and smartest, including the *dernier cri*, the bottle-shaped Paisley reticule, lightly embroidered in steel beads. This is selling at 59*s.* 6*d.*, hand beaded bags ranging from 29*s.* 6*d.*, while both *pochettes* and bags are expressed in a stamped Japanese leather, richly coloured after the manner of the Spanish leather screens.

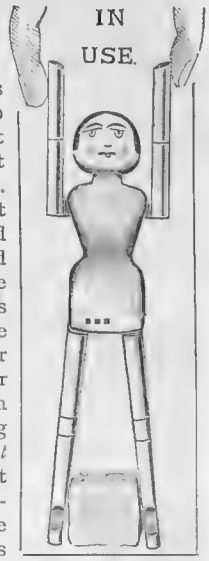
Buy Now!

Everywhere you are urged to buy your presents at once, and by the wise the advice should not pass disregarded, for gifts selected in a hurry sometimes fail to give pleasure, but if you are pressed for moments go to Boots', and they will swiftly solve your problems, possibly by advising the purchase of their special Sabretasche bag. Made in morocco or crocodile calf, and fitted with captive purse, and all necessary accessories, it is a bargain for 21*s.* Naturally, they have quantities of other goods to supply your demand. Boots' are everywhere.



A PRACTICAL PURSE
This is from Boots', the everywhere chemists

Fascinating Trifles for the Fastidious



SUGAR TONGS
'Dutch Doll' sugar tongs novelty, made by Vickery of Regent St.

Shop windows calculated to soften the most adamantine heart are those of J. C. Vickery, Regent Street, W., and having stopped and looked, one invariably passes through the portals for further investigations, for Vickery have a *flair* for imparting a particular *cachet* to the simplest and most ordinary article. One of the firm's registered articles is a practical tabloid and *cachet* case, a neat handy thing that can be slipped into the pocket or small bag. The companion sketch depicts an amusing novelty in the "Dutch Doll" sugar tongs. These are of sterling silver, the doll's face enamelled. *Bijouterie*, of course, abounds in these *salons* ranging from strings of picked pearls to such accessible trifles as a solid gold bar-brooch, two wise-looking enamel owls perched at one end, that can be had for £1 18*s.* 6*d.*

(*Continued on page* 830)

Over 2000 Installations Erected and 1,500,000 Lights in Daily Use on the D&G System

A recent Installation. Impington Hall, Cambridge. Property of A. G. Morey Weale, Esq.

Established in 1886 by engineers with five years' previous experience, the Company has unique information regarding equipment designed to meet all working requirements in

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER INSTALLATIONS

Evidence that the D. & G. System is the cheapest and most reliable in the long run, can be verified by sending for a copy of our latest booklet.

Estimates and schemes for new equipments and modernising existing plants free of charge.

WRITE "ENGINEERS DEPT."

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Give her the Moon for Xmas

If not the moon, the next thing to it—a Dunhill Lytup handbag!

As one opens the clasp, a tiny electric light switches on and reveals all those little feminine odd-come-shorts that lurk in the dark corners of the bag—and there is a neat little mirror for nose-powdering purposes too.

What could be handier in the theatre or in the taxi? Give her one for Christmas and see how her eyes will shine when she opens it.

94/6

In assorted designs of brocade, silk, satin, velvet and leather, with real or imitation tortoiseshell or ivory frames and silk linings.
Also to order in Regimental, Varsity, and School Colours.
Prices from 2 guineas to £21.

DUNHILL'S LYTUP HANDBAGS

Patent No. 183773/21.
Sole Manufacturer:
ALFRED DUNHILL, 50 Jermyn Street, S.W.1.

73/6

Onoto Gifts at all prices

AN Onoto Gift is the gift that is *sure to please*. You cannot go wrong if you give an Onoto. Since money is scarce people want useful and permanent gifts this Christmas. And for the same reason you want to spend within your money and yet give more pleasure than ever.

An Onoto Gift solves every Christmas problem. No matter how little or how much you pay, an Onoto Gift is a gift that everyone is proud to possess. Your Stationer has a large range at all prices.

Onoto the Diary.

Get an Onoto Diary for 1923.—The Diary with a monthly as well as an alphabetical index—a £100 prize competition—an accident insurance coupon for £2,000—speciallythin but opaque paper.

No other diary has these advantages. But the Onoto has also all the good points of other diaries.

Prices from **1/-** upwards.

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No. 3000. Onoto the Pen. Self-filling Model in black or red vulcanite, **17/6**.

Onoto Ink Pencil. A pencil that writes with ink and dries as it writes. Black or red vulcanite, **7/6**. Antique **9/-**.

Onoto the Pencil. Medium size with ring. Prices from **7/-** to **94/6**.

Onoto Gifts are sold by Stationers & Stores everywhere.

Onoto the Pen

THOS. DE LA RUE & Co., LTD., 110, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING (continued)

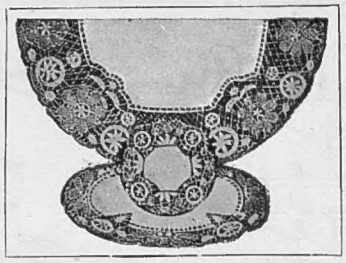
Poudre D'Orsay

Probably nowhere in the world is there so nice an appreciation of the refinements of the toilet as in France and the United States. That D'Orsay face powders have unquestionably the largest sale in these two countries is at once the finest tribute to their merits, and explains why such a high-class powder can be sold at an ordinary price. D'Orsay face powders are now obtainable in London at specially favourable prices in order to introduce them to as wide and immediate a popularity as they achieved in Paris. They are being put up in large plain boxes—the usual 4*s.* 6*d.* size in other makes—at only 3*s.*, and in practically every perfume for which the name of D'Orsay is famous throughout the world.

Bags of Attractive Character

Since pockets are as remote as ever, with the clinging style of dress in vogue, hand-bags and *pochettes* promise to provide, as always, one of the most welcome of Christmas offerings. A fact fully recognised by the discerning house of Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge.

INDISPENSABLE FOR THE TOILETTE
From Poudre D'Orsay's varied store



A DAINTY LUNCHEON MAT
From Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge

For the dancing enthusiast there has never been devised a greater boon than the "Mignon" vanity case. This small, handy receptacle, in various coloured and black metal brocades, is fitted with a mirror, lip-salve, powder puff, and pocket for latch-key and small change, yet folded in three the "Mignon" only measures 4 in. by 2½ in., and, consequently, need never leave the possession of the owner. Very *chic* and Parisian is the Versailles French wrist-bag, designed in dead, soft shades on a background of tan velvet to simulate a tapestry effect; the frame is of antique steel, and the lining apricot moiré.

Woolland Bros. children's bazaar is as replete as ever with beautiful and original toys. Tishy, the fallen idol, but still a great racer, comprises a four-spider wheel trolley, with painted horse's head. Woolland's profusely illustrated catalogue is already fully justifying its production.

At the Louvre

Suggestions and ideas assume immediate reality when you enter the Magasin du Louvre at Oxford Circus, and gift buying loses its customary perplexities, for all attention is given to the needs of every buyer, and each department offers a hundred different tangible gifts. There are black moiré silk bags of exclusive and special design, manicure and embroidery cases, and imposing Spanish combs for the *coiffure*, whilst in umbrellas a large and both expensive and economical variety is exhibited. For the children there is the toy show, which the kiddies will love. Don't miss the Louvre at Oxford Circus—it's the Paris branch of the world-famous shop.

FROM THE LOUVRE
A manicure set from the Magasin du Louvre at Oxford Circus

Don't run out of "Soda Water" on the third day

Buy a Sparklet Syphon-to-day—and ensure a constant supply of "Soda-Water" for less than 3½d. per Magnum Syphon.

A Soda Water Factory for 12/6 of all Stores etc.
Extra Bulbs 3/6 doz.
Sole Makers
SPARKLETS LIMITED
Edmonton
London, England.

A MOST ACCEPTABLE XMAS GIFT.

SPK 1—11

Sir Walter Raleigh

Famous among English Courtiers & Adventurers an Enthusiast to whom the Queen Elizabeth granted her Letters Patent for the discovering and planting of new Lands and Countries. One of the Founders of Virginia and one of the first to venture upon the use of its seductive product—Tobacco

"

Three Castles
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

"

are made from the very choicest tobaccos grown in the fertile lands that Raleigh "planted."

There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better Brand than the "THREE CASTLES"
W.M. Thackeray "The Virginians."

W.D & H.O. WILLS
BRISTOL AND LONDON
ENGLAND.

T.C.47.

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CHRISTMAS SHOPPING (continued)

PERFUME
From Bronnley and Co., of London, W. 3

Santalettes

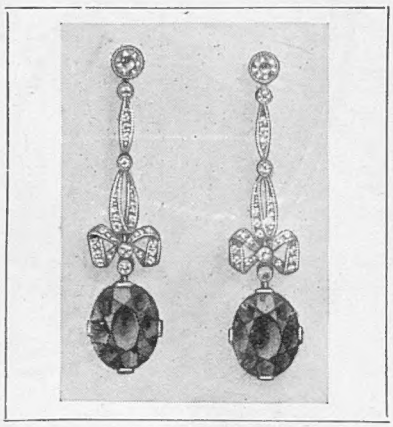
Under this name a new soap has appeared upon the market, and by reason of its economical price, enduring odour, and effective cleansing properties is rapidly mounting in public regard—which also mean that it is selling swiftly. Santalettes are sold in boxes of six for 3*s.*, and each one gives a shilling's worth of ordinary soap. It is made by H. Bronnley and Co., London, W. 3, who are also responsible for Ess Viotto, the splendid toilet preparation for keeping the hands soft and white, as well as Omar Khayyam perfume—the scent of a Persian garden. All these make admirable gifts.

Post Haste from Paris!

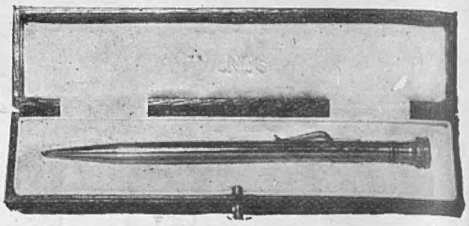
In Paris this winter, whether one wears a gown by Callot or a creation by Poiret, the inevitable ornament is pearls. Yet, save for the historic discovery of Téclas, there is nothing new about pearls except the beauty that is never old. The Parisienne has always had a *penchant* for this famous gem; but this winter she has discovered that not in many years have the modes furnished such an admirable background for the pristine beauty of Técla Pearls. Yet increasing demand has not impaired their quality or changed the slow and secret processes of their production. That is why the new tints and spherical variations, as well as new conceits in clasps, have been delayed in production. You are cordially invited to examine this new delivery from Paris at 7, Old Bond Street, London.

The Venus Pencil

An always acceptable gift, and one that will never be laid aside, is the Venus Everpointed pencil. To man or woman it is a most adequate present, always ready to hand and easily carried in pocket or bag. Handsome and light in appearance it is most simple to operate, and the Venus leads which are in it (one years' supply of refill leads is contained in the detachable cap of every Venus Everpointed) will always give you the best result. Venus, 173-5, Lower Clapton Rd., London, E., will be pleased to send you any literature concerning all styles of their everpointed pencil.



A TECLA PRESENT
7, Old Bond Street, W.



VENUS—THE PERFECT PENCIL FOR EVERY AND EVERYONE'S USE

Practically a Gift

One of the most useful and certainly the most practical of gifts for a man is a set of "Luvisca" shirts, pyjamas and soft collars. They are lasting in wear and pleasing to the eye. All leading hosiers and outfitters stock them, and there is such a plethora of design and pattern that all tastes are easily satisfied. Undoubtedly easy gifts to choose and that are bound to give pleasure to the lucky recipient.

(*Continued on page* viii)

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She shall have music wherever she goes.

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